Harris's list of Covent-Garden ladies: or, man of pleasure's kalender, for the year, 1787. :

Author/first author: Harris, Jack
Reference number: b22674883
Persistent URL: http://wellcomelibrary.org/item/b22674883
Catalogue record: http://search.wellcomelibrary.org/iii/encore/record/C__Rb2267488

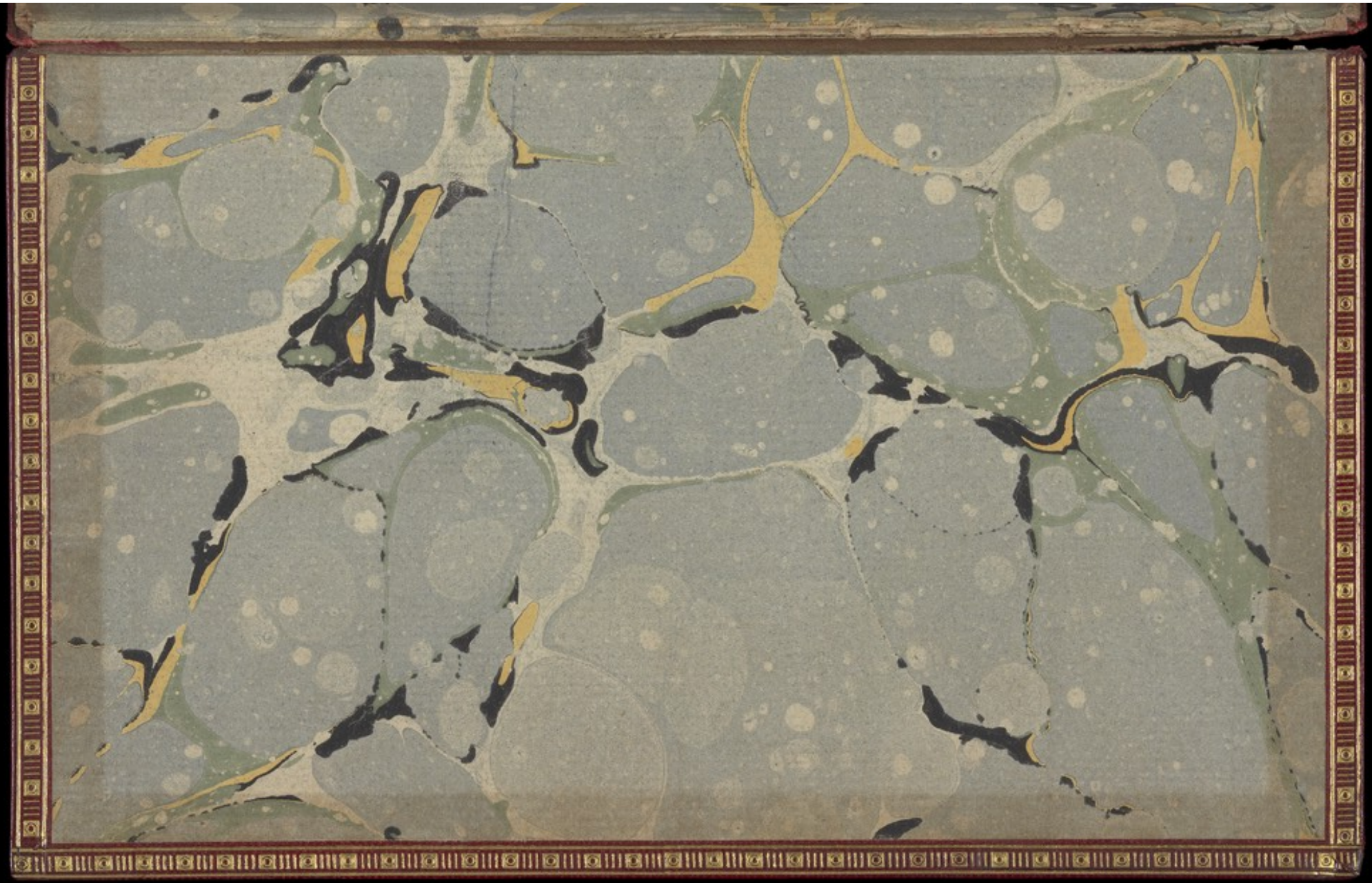
This digital version has been supplied by the Wellcome Library under the following Conditions of Use:

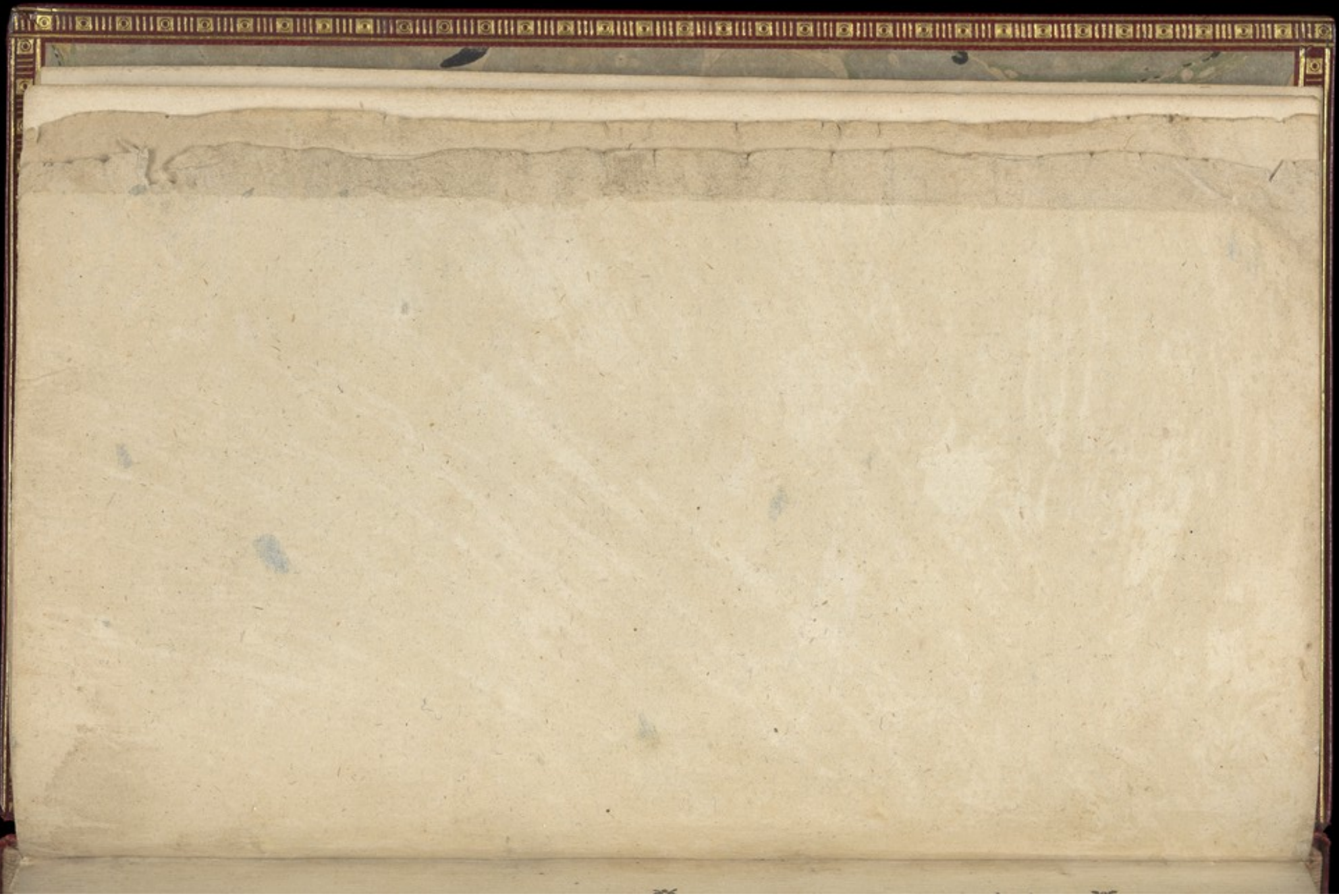
This work has been identified as being free of known restrictions under copyright law, including all related and neighbouring rights and is being made available under the Creative Commons, Public Domain Mark.

You can copy, modify, distribute and perform the work, even for commercial purposes, without asking permission.

wellcome library

Wellcome Library
183 Euston Road
London NW1 2BE UK
T +44 (0)20 7611 8722
E library@wellcome.ac.uk
http://wellcomelibrary.org





HARRIS's LIST

OF

Covent-Garden Ladies,

For the YEAR 1787.

[Price 2s. 6d.]

Harris

HARRIS's LIST

OF

COVENT-GARDEN LADIES:

OR,

MAN OF PLEASURE's

KALENDAR,

For the YEAR 1787.

CONTAINING

The Hiſtories and ſome curious Anecdotes of the moſt celebrated Ladies now on the Town, or in Keeping, and alſo of many of their Keepers.

LONDON:

Printed for H. RANGER, (formerly at No. 23, *Fleet-Street*,) at No. 9, *Little Bridges-Street*, near *Drury-Lane Play-Houſe*.

Where may be had,

The ſeparate LISTS of many preceding Years.

CONTENTS.

Page

A

Aſhm*r*, Miſs 57
Aſhf**d, Miſs 67
And*rſ*n, Miſs Polly 69

B

B*nn*r, Mrs. 18
B*llf*rd, Miſs 73
B*rn*s, Miſs Sukey 33
Br*wn, Miſs 35
B*nſ*n, alias Love, Mrs. 86
Br*wn, Mrs. 87
B***ch*m, Miſs 101
Br*wn, Miſs 104
B**rcr*ft, Miſs 105

C

C*ll*ns, Miſs Charlotte 52
C*rr, Miſs 85
Cl*l*nd, Mrs. 55
Ch**s, Miſs 84

C*rt*s,

C*rt*s, Miſs 92
Cl**k, Miſs 110

D

D*nt*ſt, Miſs 25
D*x*n, Mrs. 50
D*lt*n, Miſs 81
D*x*n, Mrs. 112

E

Edw*rds's, the two Miſs 100
Ell**t, Miſs 132

F

F**t, Mrs. 61
Fr*d*r*ck, Mrs. 91

G

Gl*v*r Miſs 45
Gl*ſsf*rd Mrs. 38
G*ll*w*y, Miſs 54
Gr**n,, Miſs 72
Gr**n Miſs Betſey 75
G*rd*n, Miſs 103
G*dſr*y, Miſs 129

H

H*gh*s, Miſs Sally 34
H*mm*nd, Miſs 66

H*pk*ns,

H*pk*ns, Mrs. 116
H*d*e, Miſs 123
H*ll, Miſs 131

K

K*lly, Miſs Sukey 23
K*ng, Miſs 59

L

L*nf*rd, Miſs 20
L*nl*y, Miſs 32
Ll*yd, Miſs 43
L*ttr*ll, Miſs 118
L*ngf**d, Miſs 128

M

M*rt*r, Mrs. 13
Mc. K*nz**, Mrs. 27
M*rr*s, Miſs 63
M*ll*r, Miſs Betſey 71
M*nſt*n, Miſs 76
M*rſh*ll, Mrs. 95
M*rſh*ll, Miſs 97
M*rc*r, Miſs Ruth 107
M**k*y, Miſs Mary Ann 111
Mo*re, Miſs 114
Mack*nz*e, Miſs Bruce, 125

N

N*wl*nd, Mrs. 26
N*w**mb, Miſs 47
N*wt*n,

N*wt*n, Miſs 313

P

P*tt*rſ*n, Miſs 29
P*ct*n, Miſs 64
P**t, Miſs Kitty 108

R

R*dſh*w, Miſs 22
R*ſſ*ll, Miſs 89
R*b*nſ*n, Mrs. 36
R*b*nſ*n, Miſs 48

S

Sp*nc*r, Miſs Eſther 39
Sm*th, Miſs 57
Sm*th, Miſs Polly 78
Sm*th, Mrs. 94

T

T*pp, Miſs 99
T*lb*t, Miſs 124

V

V*n*s, Mrs. 40
V*ll*rs, Miſs 44

W

W*tſ*n, Miſs 37

W**dg*r, Mrs. 42
Wr*ght, Mrs. 46
Wh*te, Mrs. 49
W*lf*n, Miſs 68
W*nt*r, Miſs 79
W*nd*m, Miſs 82
W*nt*r, Miſs 117
W*lm*t, Miſs Nancy 120
W*ll*s, Miſs 121

Y

Y**ng, Miſs 60
Y**ng, Miſs 109

ERRATA.

In page 67—second line of the motto, for *turned*, read *tumid*.
In page 98—ninth line, for *ſtoops*, read, *ſtoop'd*.
In page 99—third line, for *hazle dark auburn*, read, *hazle eyes, dark*, &c.

Correſpondents are informed that no Letters are received at the Publiſhers, but ſuch as come Poſt Paid.

As a treat to the fair Votary of Love, and a Spur to the wanton Youths, that revell in their ſoft Embraces, we have taken the Liberty of inſerting the following Introduction, which tho' it has once before made its Appearance, muſt, from its date, be almoſt forgotten; its genuine merit we flatter ourſelves, will ſerve as an apology for its inſertion, and the juſt remarks which it contains, will gain the approbation of all the Cyprian Choir.

INTRODUCTION.

IN the ſucceſſion of natural things, their progreſs, and their decay, individuals ſeem, like atoms in the ſunbeams, of little moment, in the great ſcale of Providence. The preſervation of the ſpecies in general appears to ingroſs the whole ſcope and attention of nature: ſhe is eternally buſy in ſupplying the place of particulars that fall under the hand of time, and by a kind of

plaſtic renown reviving in a blooming offspring the departed fire ; and if you trace her through all the various motions in her wide extent, ſhe will be every where found to tend to one great act of love. To attempt a ſuppreſſion of this almighty impulſe in the human ſpecies would be a taſk as raſh and idle as to bid the hills touch Heaven. All coerſive bars, all artificial fences thrown up by the hand of power, againſt this prolific ardor, this eſſential act, have hitherto been in all communities, and will for ever be overleaped and trampled down.

The mighty call will be obeyed ; and men and women always rebel againſt ſuch weak reſtrictions : that generous frenzy which invigorates the ſoul is invincible, and muſt command. Why then ſuch inceſſant clamours againſt the votaries of love ? Why are the inſults of the venal juſtice, or of the rough-hewn muzzy monarch of the night, permitted? Their number is rather increaſed than leſſened by perſecution, which in this as in caſes of a higher nature, rather contributes to advance than leſſen the point at which it aims. No enthuſiaſm is ſo ſtrong, ſo ſtimulous, as that of copulation ;

tion ; it brings its warrant from nature's cloſeſt cabinet, and bears even the ſeal of heaven, " Increaſe and multiply ;" all nature ecchoes to the univerſal mandate.

If it be a true poſition, that " whatever is is right," why ſhall the victims of this natural propenſity, the volunteers of Venus, the faireſt of creation, be hunted like outcaſts from ſociety, be perpetually griped by the hand of petty tyranny? Do they not ſacrifice their health, their lives, nay their reputations, at the altars of love and benevolence? Let the ſevereſt virtue reflect with me a little ; and that they are of vaſt uſe to the community will be ſurely allowed.

What villanies do they not prevent? What plots, what combinations, do they not diſſolve? Claſped in the arms of beauty, the factious malcontent forgets the black workings of his ſoul. Here even the miſer feels ſome throbbing of human delight; ſtealing himſelf, half unwilling from his nature, he for a ſhort ſpace ſmuggles ſome ſmall benevolence, and before he departs is prevailed on to leave his ſoul behind——a guinea——

What a miracle! Does not this give them more than common ſanction? What miracle can exceed the opening a miſer's heart?

In the fair one's embrace the prodigal eſcapes from the fang of the gameſter; nor is he laid open to the wiles of the ſharper. With her the youth is taught the leſſon of the mind practiſed in genuine taſte, aud learns the native uſe of things. Here the drunkard drops a while his ſwiniſh appetite, and gazes like a man upon beauty. The lawyer in the caſe of love forgets his quirks and equivocation, and is for that ſhort ſpace honeſt and upright. Covent-Garden, that aggregate of ſweets! that Lethe of the ſoul! Behold the merchant ſtealing from buſineſs and the city, under the maſk of night, to the apartment of his Thais, where, forgetful of carking cares, no more remembering the rough ſea, the bold wind, nor the dangers of the long-expected ſhip, his heart expands with tranſport; the liſt of bankrupts remains unread; and her lovely boſom yields him the higheſt of ſublunary bliſs. Nor does the parſon forget thoſe walks; here even he ſometimes vouchſafes to call,

prompted

prompted to be ſure by a righteous ſpirit, to exhort the ſiſterhood to ſocial duties; and ſometimes perhaps interlines a pſalm with a viſit.

But theſe are private inſtances of the advantages reflected upon a community by the fair followers of the Cyprian queen: theſe advantages are trivial when compared to the public good they occaſion, though cuſtom has embronzed them with the infamous appellation of proſtitutes. Do we not owe to them the peace of families, of cities, nay of kingdoms? This is a point of light in which they are ſeldom conſidered: It is here that rigor bends its brow, and ſeverity relaxes its edge. Where they removed, which fate forbid! by hypocritic power, think how terrible might the conſequences be. The reſtleſs propagating ſpirit, the ſtimulating energy implanted in us, will work its way: deprive it of food, will bars, bolts, or authority, protect the honour of the wife, the chaſtity of the daughter, or the pious matron's virtue? This wild frenzy, breaking all reſtraint, will bear down decency, relation, kindred, and religion——what domeſtic bane! what warfare of humanity litigation! blood-

ſhed! inceſt!——but I forbear, fancy trembles to revolve the horrid anarchy, and the mind declines to dictate.

Say then, ye who have fathers, mothers, ſiſters, brothers, friends whom ye love, whom ye eſteem, will ye not ſtretch your hand hereafter to protect, will ye not ceaſe to perſecute, the ſiſterhood, whom, reaſon tells ye, ye ought to defend? Gratitude will inform you that ye ought. Why named I gratitude? Alas! I had forgotten that it is an unpractiſed worn-out virtue; or brutal rigour, diſguiſed like, and miſcalled, juſtice, would be taken off from perſecuting theſe benevolent friends to the publick good, theſe preſervers of general tranquillity, who lay aſide all that hypocriſy admires, all that faſhion with her varniſhed glaſs reflects as amiable upon the eye of folly, who ſacrifice eſteem, rank, and ſometimes even life, like the martyrs of old, in their country's ſacred cauſe; yet even notwithſtanding do they ſuffer ſtripes, impriſonments, and (what cuſtom has entailed upon them) contempt: unjuſt proceeding!—

To the glory of the city be it remarked,

ed, that in her boſom have lately ſprung up ſome public ſpirits, ſome whoſe hearts teem with grateful remembrance, ſome few who feel for the common good, who ſee with pity's eye thoſe weak individuals languiſh under tyrant laws, moſt infringed by the makers of them. Such patriot ſouls, to the honour of this age, even now exiſt, who with manly hearts have conſidered this deplorable caſe, and opened a retreat for hunted or deſerted beauty. How good, how gracious, how venerable is ſuch an aſſembly of keepers, who never ſhut the gates againſt harraſſed worth, but deal out comfort to the oppreſſed with the hand of liberality! Why ſhould the name of a keeper be treated with ridicule! Is not their keeping a proof of their beneficence, which is thereby extended to every rank and ſtation?

The lovely nymphs, that ſhare in their bounty, have hearts as large, as univerſal as their deſires; and the whole race of mankind are the objects of their warm regard. Like true citizens of life, they ſcatter bleſſings with unreſtrained munificence. Neither the dread of want, nor care of children, checks their rapid career;

career; their courſe is like the Nile, it enriches wherever it overflows. Spital-fields rejoices at their approach; and the famed magazine in the Hay-market cheers up at their name. The toyman, the mercer, the millener, the play, and opera, nay even the pariſh church (ſometimes) is gladdened with the chink of their gold; for, whatever exceptions the parſon may pretend to make to their calling, he has none to their purſes; and for rates, taxes, and repairs, he calls upon them as well as upon the reſt of the flock.

How many a youth, vigorous and comely, does not the kept miſtreſs preſerve from jail, nay the gibbet, by ſharing with him the allowance of her keeper! The brawny life-guard-man, the well-made grenadier, whoſe pay being too narrow, for his ſoul would otherwiſe force him to raiſe contributions on the public, is by her protected, and his finances enlarged.

The generous keeper cannot grudge the allowance; nay, the good that his gold produces, thus communicated, will rather cheer his old heart. He will re-

collect

collect that he is thereby ſaved the labour of tilling a ſoil which requires much culture, and is yet ſeldom prolific; nor will he begrudge his hire to the labourer, who might otherwiſe fall a victim to offended juſtice. For the deliverance will he rejoice; in thinking that he has ſaved a citizen, he will, like an old woman, congratulate himſelf.

Perſiſt, oh ye hoary ſeers! perſiſt in the cauſe of keeping; in that you ſhew yourſelves friends to charity, virtue, and the ſtate; continue to cheriſh theſe gifts of heaven; ſtill hug to your boſom the cordial, the reviving warmth communicated by youth and beauty: to the dear girl whom you ſhall ſelect, be your purſe-ſtrings never cloſed; nor let the name of proſtitute deter you from this pious reſolve. Liſten not to unmannerly prudence, let her not argue you from the good purpoſe, for ſhe will ſometimes joſtle forwards when paſſion ſubſides. What is there in the idea of proſtitution, to which the greateſt characters are not ſometimes ſubſervient? It is not only in the purlieus of Covent-Garden that proſtitutes are to be found. They flouriſh in courts, in ſenates, in halls of juſtice,

in

in fleets and armies; nor is the ſacred porch ſecure from the approach. Is the ſoft, the gentle minion of love, ſo great a proſtitute, as him who, beneath a ſcarlet robe, and the dignity of lordſhips, conceals a mind fraught with corruption? Is not the miniſter of ſtate who ſacrifices his country's honour to his private intereſt; the admiral whom venality teaches to avoid the reflects of an enemy; or the general, whom gold allures from the path of conqueſt, more guilty than her? Theſe are the real proſtitutes that defile ſtreams of public virtue, and taint a nation's glory. On theſe ſhould juſtice aim the angry bolt, and vengeance hurl her fiery dart: nor let the black gown eſcape him, who in the pulpit aſſerts the cauſe of religion, which he deſcends to make a joke of; who holds forth in public in defence of every virtue, and in private is the common encourager of vice. Theſe are claſſes that ſhould bow under the rod of Aſtrea.

But to you, ye nymphs, whom elaſtic ſpirits prompt to propagate the joys of ſoft endearments, to ſooth the ſoul with the Circean cup of pleaſure; to you may laws and magiſtrates be kind; with you may

may the ſtateſman, the ſoldier, the parſon, the lawyer, and the merchant ſhare his treaſure.

But never may that caitiff, called a ſurgeon, be found within your walls; guard againſt his approach as you value life, and its ſupport; avoid with care the contaminated embrace. Remember ſtill your keeper; ſooth his lambent flame, preſerve the tepid wiſh alive. With wiſe expedients rouſe up faint deſire, and make him young again. Conſider, if you ſhould neglect your keeper, your broad-backed gallant will lack his well-deſerved ſupply. Keepers are the ſinews of your trade; may they multiply in number and in wealth; may they be always ready and willing to keep the call as honeſt nature bids: ſo ſhall the public be invigorated; the cauſe of virtue be promoted; and the hateful name of Ganymede blotted from the book of memory.

HARRIS's LIST,

OF

COVENT GARDEN LADIES.

Mrs. M—rt—r, of *Covent Garden Theatre.*

Hail love ſupreme of every joy the ſource,
That ſends to Nature's ſprings their mighty force;
Expands the ſoul, awakes the torpid veins,
And gives free force to paſſion's fiery reins,
And thou dear luſt that ope's the miſer's heart,
And thro' each callous, each obdurate part,
The thrilling tranſport guides, be thou my friend,
Let all thy fires with love's ſoft actions blend,
And then, let times be ever ſo provoking,
I'll die a *Martyr* to almighty *ſtr—k—ng*.

NO ſea born nymph, the Annals of Hiſtory ever produced, has ſhewn more love for the ſport, or been better

trained in the various arts that ſerve to encreaſe or prolong the rapturous enjoyment, than this ſweet daughter of the muſes, the melody of her voice, early initiated her into the *Beau Monde*, and a ſweet enchanting face as early procured her a train of admirers.

Mr. R—tſ—n, a *ſlender twig* of the law, would fain in her ſtate of virgin innocence have tyed the Hymeneal knot, but his diet at that time conſiſted too much of the vegetable kind, (at leaſt it is ſuppoſed ſhe thought ſo,) to afford nouriſhment ſufficient to ſupply the deſires that Nature at that period ſeemed in ſo ample a manner to fire her maiden breaſt with, he was therefore only allowed to continue one in her liſt of admirers, Captain M—rt—r, the real and lawful poſſeſſor of her maiden treaſure, was formed in a different mould; muſcular ſtrength, nervous activity, joined to a manly figure gained an eaſy entrance to her heart, and linked in the bands of Hymen.

Her virgin roſe conſentingly was plucked.

Conjugal felicity for ſome time ſhed her benignant ſweets, o'er the happy pair

pair and two prattling cherubs, were the fruits of their mutual affection, the captain now ſeemed to be weaning himſelf from that vigour of affection in proportion, as her wanton deſires grew more extravagant, and from mutual indifference, mutual averſion took place, and conſequently a ſeparation of beds, which enabled our Heroine, who was now juſt arrived to that age, when the force of Nature will not be repelled; when her deſires muſt and will be gratified, and when the glow of love, youth and beauty had juſt reached the Zenith of perfection. Here then was a feaſt for the connoiſſeurs in the art, all the combined forces of youth, beauty, good-nature, harmony and ſenſibility at once united and reſolved upon gratification.

Who was the ſecond feaſter upon this world of ſweets we are at a loſs to tell, but poſſeſſed of ſuch a face and form, ſhe could always command her man, and after ſometime had elapſed, in which it is ſuppoſed, ſhe had traverſed the cyprian market throughout, and was thereby capable of judging experimentally; ſhe attached herſelf to Mr. W—lde, the Promp—r, and each for a while ſeemed happy in each other;

he drew a veil over her *natural* faults, and ſhe in return excuſed his natural imperfections, and ſought, unmoleſted, the means of ſupplying the defects; at length Mr. W—d ſeemed to grow *tame*, and ſhe in return grew more *wild*, and having *heard*, ſeen, and perhaps *felt* Mr. P—rks *hautboy play*, ſhe made no ſcruple of giving the preference where it ſeemed ſo juſtly due, but to ſhew her former attachment, and knowing his natural fondneſs for a bed-fellow, ſhe actually in form gave him a week's notice to ſelect a proper perſon to ſupply her place, at the expiration of which time ſhe, in a very polite and affectionate manner, took leave, and has ſince made Mr. P—ke her favorite man, how long he is to continue ſo, is to be proved by the condition and diſpoſition of his *inſtrument*.

Poſſeſſed of *ten* of Plutus's all-ruling little *deities*, a man of known *parts* may eaſily procure her company for a few hours, and *in her* find a moſt deſirable woman, ſtill warm with keen deſire, and poſſeſſed of every ſweet enticement to render her paramour burning like herſelf, all animation and tender ſenſibility ſhall preſs the balmy kiſs, with eager graſp entwine the parted limbs,

and

and pour the torrent of rapture with all the fervour of unabated love, and meet the ſhower of bliſs with all the ardor of youth untamed and extacy unutterable.

To enumerate the various beauties of her perſon would require a Thompſon's thought, or Guido's touch, the moſt ſtriking feature in which is the eye of ſparkling hazel, arched by a bow of the darkeſt brown, and beaming with the genuine language of her heart, ever killing, ſave in thoſe tender dye away moments when they *are wrapt in ſilent converſe with the ſoul*, and ſeemed drowned in the *coming Elyſium*.

A lively brown ſuffuſes her whole complexion, and gives additional grace to every feature, a tender yielding ſmile ſits preſident, and thro' the pouting balmy lips two rows of orient pearl diſplay their magic force: deſcend and view the *lactial hillocks of love*, firm as the poliſhed marble, and white as monumental alabaſter, ſee the *cerulean tubes* ſweetly branching over the poliſhed ſurface, and ſhedding their bluſhing influence on the *roſy ſummit*, diſdaining prop they *ebb and flow the ſecret wiſhes of the heart*, and aſk *corporeal preſſure*.

A *Raven coloured* ſurface adorns the *manſion* of their *rightful lord*, ſurrounded *by beds of never fading lilly*, and raiſed on pillows white as hyperborean ſnow.

Mrs. B—nn—r, No. 4, *Walnut-tree walk, Lambeth.*

I'll find you *war* to ſkirmiſh every night,
And practice every turn of *amorous* fight:
In *ſuch* ſweet ſingle combats hand to hand,
'Gainſt which no woman that is wiſe will ſtand:
My *champion* I'll encounter breaſt to breaſt,
Tho' I were ſure to fall and be o'er preſt.

The man may well think himſelf happier than Paris in the zenith of his voluptuous pleaſure, who can encircle in his arms, and be in full poſſeſſion of the charming perſon of this beautiful Helen: for with the advantage of ſuperior height to moſt of her ſex, being very tall and gracefully made; ſhe has a ſkin which would not ſuffer the leaſt diminution, if put in compariſon with that of the celebrated dame of antiquity whoſe name we have juſt given her. The ſimilitude will hold good in many other reſpects; for, like her, ſhe is of a moſt amorous conſtitution;

tution; like her thoroughly devoted to the Cyprian deity.

Warm as the heart by Cupid newly ſtung,
Sweet as the flower where bees of Hybla hung.

Like her ſhe has an irreſiſtible eye, capable of firing the moſt torpid imagination with as fierce deſire, as a torch dipped in the ever-burning flame upon the altar of Venus can kindle, and when once rouſed, can raiſe it to that unbearable pitch, that it muſt be quenched in the *bliſsful font* hid within the centre of her bewitching *grove:* Like her too, the pouting lips, rich with more than fancy can expreſs, invite the ardorous kiſs, and the panting ſwelling breaſt full of the involuntary ſighs of exceſs of pleaſure, ſolicit the endearing claſp of manly pleaſure, whilſt the titillation of nature in her favourite *ſpot below, ſeelingly* calls for the *Priapian weapon* to receive it in her *ſheath* at its moſt powerful thruſt up to the hilt; and like her ſhe is perfect miſtreſs of the *ſport*, and can manage any *weight*. An adept herſelf, there is no one fitter to initiate the young officiating *prieſt* in the *deepeſt myſteries* of his *office*.

She

She has fine hair and teeth; at the ripely luſcious age of twenty-one.

She is not to be had, but at Mrs. Kelly's, and then only on terms of the ſtricteſt honour and ſecrecy, having the happineſs of being at preſent in good keeping by a merchant of the city.—— Nothing leſs than Bank paper ſhe ever accepts of—indeed we are informed, even ſuch muſt be of as many pounds value, as ſhe is years old, ſave and except one.

Miſs L—nf—rd, N°. 11, *Glanville-ſtreet.*

" Love's power's too great to be with-ſtood
" By feeble human fleſh and blood:
" 'Twas that which brought upon his knees
" The hect'ring kill-cow Hercules;
" Transform'd his ſhaggy lion's ſkin
" T' a petticoat, and made it ſpin;
" Seiz'd on his club, and made it dwindle
" T' a feeble diſtaff and a ſpindle:
" 'Twas that made emperors gallants
" To their own ſiſters and their aunts;
" Set popes and cardinals agog,
" To play with pages at leap-frog."

None

None can diſpute the power of love, and none can diſpute Miſs L---nf---d's abilities to excite that paſſion, or quench it when excited. She is of an agreeable perſon, though not pretty, her hair is dark, and ſhe has good eyes, her teeth are white and even, and ſhe is of a moſt affable temper. She ſtrains hard to keep within the bounds of decorum, and makes him who enjoys her imagine he is the only favoured ſwain. For this purpoſe ſhe does not make uſe of the common arts of incitement, nor wiſhes to be taken for one of the fiſterhood. Her chief rendezvous is in the Green-park, where ſhe always walks with a little girl in hand, in order to paſs for a prudent matron; who may have her deſires indeed, but is not to be approached with effrontery, or taken by ſtorm, but rather with reſpect, and ſeems to ſurrender to merit only, tho' ſhe has the addreſs to get money with her merit.

She has been for ſome months (off and on) kept by J— L—, Eſq; who has no leſs than three different times conveyed or conſigned her home to her friends and relations—however all will not do, for ſhe is determined not to ſubmit to a bare exiſtence,

exiſtence, while ſhe can live in gaiety and pleaſure.

She is tall and genteel, and her age is not exceeding three and twenty years.

Miſs R—dſh—w, N°. 13, *Margaret-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare.*

Although this lady is at preſent in good keeping, by a certain coal-merchant, her natural amorous inclination, together with her love of money, entirely over-balances every duty ſubſervient to a keeper; with a heart fraught with every luſcious ſenſibility, ſurcharged with all the fire of a ſon of Venus by Bacchus, could be inſpired with, ſhe treads the ample field of love; nor can ſo lovely a face be deſtitute of admirers; ſhe meets with a number, but is rather choice of her favours; no giddy rakes, no flirting fop, or coxcomb vain, can meet in her embraces; prudence and diſcretion ſhe keeps conſtantly in view; delicacy and politeneſs is her characteriſtic. Her figure is ſhort, her features conjunctively taken form what is termed a good face; fine dark brown hair, dark eyes, and about one

one and twenty. Fraught with all these perfections, and in all the bloom of womanhood, who can think any sum from one to three guineas, too much.

This lady was a millener, but that trade she has lately left off, for one more profitable; however, as she loves to do business privately, Quin's is the house she prefers, where you may frequently meet with her.

Miss Su——y K—lly, N°. 2, *Princes-Street, Cavendish Square.*

My Heart's my own, and so's my Hand,
And light and free as air they rove,
No power on Earth shall one command,
No mortal e'er preserve my Love.

As sweet variety is not a treason,
I'll love to-day, to morrow I'll forget,
And every well-fed fish that comes in season,
Without controul shall play within my NET.

No wonder the great scarcity of money prevails, when such attractions as these are to be found; for that man must be quite

quite void of ſenſibility, that would not part with money or life to attain the poſſeſſion of ſuch charms as theſe, which is not confined to the meer gratification of a ſenſual appetite, or the tranſcient beauties of perſonal perfection. Her mental charms ſecure the heart as ſoon as her perſonal charms have won it. Her ſtature is ſhort, but every limb is well proportioned, and juſt poſſeſſes that ſweet degree of plumpneſs that makes a deſirable pillow, without being deprived of thoſe abilities that conſtitute the good bedfellow. She is only eighteen years of age, and but juſt entered into life. Her face is compoſed of ſuch ſweet, regular features, that united, form a continual ſmile upon the countenance. Any gentleman having a few guineas more in his pocket than he knows what to do with, and would wiſh to devote it to the rites of Venus, by viſiting the Shakeſpear, or Roſe, they may meet this deſirable girl, whoſe company they never will have the leaſt reaſon to regret being in, nor will they meet with one whoſe integrity and honour are more to be depended on.

Miſs D—nt—t, No 85, *Great Titchfield-Street.*

This young charmer is about twenty two with a very pretty face, fair complexion, grey eyes, good teeth, ſhort and delicate, great animation, indifferent temper, and ſo, ſo, in her behaviour. She is truly amorous, and ſets about the rites of love, with her whole heart; no diſguſting coyneſs, no forbidden frown, no lowering eye, check her admirers. On the contrary, warmth defeats coyneſs, her brows are ſmooth and placid, and her eyes roll in the humid fires of tranſports. She makes every part contribute its ſhare to the mutuality of the joy; and her touch might as the Poet ſays

——— Kindle frozen appetite
And fire e'en waſted nature with delight.

Though not naturally religious, yet ſhe concurs in one part of the liturgy of the church of England, namely "to ſtrengthen ſuch as do *ſtand*, to comfort and help the *weak*, and to *raiſe up* them that *fall*."

She has lately been in good keeping,

by a merchant in the city, whom ſhe loſt by the haſtineſs of her temper, having on the concluſion of his laſt viſit, charged the watch with him.

Mrs. N—wl—nd, No. 32, *Goodge Street.*

The wanton, mighty Jove, in all his glory,
With all the art of elegance divine,
Found the nymph, coy, and blind to all his charms;
Till, chang'd at laſt into a golden ſhow'r,
The precious drops diſſolv'd her into love.

How applicable are theſe lines to Mrs. N——, to whom, not Jove himſelf would be acceptable without gold, and limping Vulcan would be tenderly embraced, if plentifully ſtored with it; ſhe then can melt into tranſports, and make the preſent lover believe he is the only one, for whom ſhe has a real regard. In part, ſhe ſays true; ſhe *has* a real regard for him, which will continue as long as his purſe or his liberality laſts; or until ſhe meets with a dupe, more rich or liberal. Her age is about twenty, her eyes

eyes grey and lively, her complexion ſwarthy, her teeth and beauty middling, her temper agreeable—when ſhe pleaſes. There is no aſcertaining her price, it being always as much as ſhe can get; and her commodity, like thoſe ſold by inch of candle, is always knock'd down to the higheſt bidder. She has not been in life more than two years, and the name ſhe now goes by, is that of her favorite man.

Mrs. Mck—z—, No. 12, *John-Street, leading to Portland-Street.*

Gods, what a ſcene of joy was that! How faſt,
I claſp'd my charmer to my panting breaſt!
With what fierce bounds I ſprung to meet my bl ſs,
While my rapt ſoul flew out in ev'ry kiſs,
'Till breathl ſs, faint, and ſoftly ſunk away,
I all diſſolv'd in reeking pleaſures lay.
How ſweet is the remembrance yet, this night,
Too haſty fled, driv'n on by envious light.

It is very difficult, in a review of beauties, to avoid a diſguſting ſameneſs of deſcription. Women being com-

poſed of face, body and limbs. Eyes, noſe and mouth, being parts of every face, it is almoſt impoſſible to deſcribe different beauties in different terms. What then can be ſaid of Mrs. M—— that hath not been ſaid already of other ladies; though indeed, ſuch an arrangement of feature as her's, is not common. Middle ſized, fair and lovely; young and chearful, comprehends all that is poſſible to utter, and all belong to her. She is formed to excite deſire, and diſpoſed to gratify our wiſhes. She adds a poignancy to the tranſient hour, and makes time fly with eagle's wings, when in her company. Her behaviour is naturally good, and ſtudiouſly obliging, charms with eaſe and delicacy; and even when ſhe gives a looſe to love; when ſhe raiſes the ſoul to extatic undeſcribable bliſs, ſhe preſerves a conduct that ever dignifies enjoyment, and deprives it of diſguſt. Can three guineas be too much, for ſuch a companion.

She is juſt come from the North, as her ſpeech will teſtify; is ſaid to be in keeping by a Yorkſhire gentleman, therefore wiſhes to make her other amours as private as poſſible.

Mrs.

Mrs. P—tt—rſ—n, No. 85, *Great Titchfield Street.*

I felt, perfectly felt, what I adore,
Th' enchanting touch gave bliſs unknown before.
Th' immortal pleaſure ran thro' all my frame,
Thro' all my bones and inward marrow came,
That melted and ran down before the impetuous flame.

This lady is about three and twenty, has fine light eyes, and hair, alſo good teeth. She is of a tall genteel ſtature, happily fixed juſt above the middle ſize. She is kept by a captain H—y, of the navy, who conſtantly reſides with her, while he is in town; yet ſhe admits of other viſiters in his abſence, more to indulge a paſſion for variety, than from any lucrative views. She is alſo thereby enabled to form a judgement what age and diſpoſition is beſt fitted to give joy. We hear ſhe ſays, from experience, that youth gives the *ſhorteſt*, maturity the *ſtrongeſt*, and age the *longeſt* pleaſure. Now, as it is a maxim with her that thoſe joys are moſt to be preferred that are of the *longeſt duration*, ſhe thence embraces her old gentleman with the moſt ardent glee, and declares ſhe prefers his length-

ened embrace to the *fire* of maturity, or the *haſty ſpur* of youth. Her reaſon for her concluſions appear founded on experiment, and her theory is deduced from practice. She argues thus: the eagerneſs and impetuoſity of *youth* make the tranſports merely momentary. Furniſhed with a profuſion of the *coin of love*, they pay the *liquid toll* almoſt as ſoon as they have *entered* the *gate*; nay, ſometimes at the very *portal*, without giving time to get their *change* ready, to the diſappointment of the turnpike-woman, and the great abridgement of the pleaſure of paying and receiving. It is true, they may be able to make ſpeedy repetitions of the *toll*, but then they are all under the ſame circumſtance, 'till the laſt; which in proportion as it approaches the condition of the aged traveller, becomes more ſweet, becauſe the more laſting.

The *mature* voyager to the gulf of Venus, has, it is true, a ſufficiency of coin, ſtays longer in port before he pays his tribute, and, by lengthening the pleaſure hath a great advantage over youth, juſt as *one* guinea is worth more than *ten* ſhillings.

The

The *aged* traveller cannot boaſt of repeated payments in a few hours, but his payment is juſt; he has the coin in his purſe, though it may require more time to get the ſtrings open. He may not be ſo able a mathematician as to *raiſe* a *perpendicular* in an inſtant; but, with a little kind aſſiſtance, it is raiſed; and the time loſt in the erecting, is full paid by the pleaſure of proceeding gradually through every ſhade of love, from the pale rencounter, to the dazzling vivid ray of the brighteſt colour of extacy. In all this time the *toll gatherer* is approaching, by degrees, to a capacity of receiving and returning the change. The value is enhanced by expectation; and, like a creditor who has waited long for his due, the payment is received with double joy. Thus argues Mrs. P—tt—r-ſ—n, and the reader is to judge of the force of her reaſoning; but he muſt remark, that by *age* ſhe does not mean *decripitude*, both of which do not ſo often depend on a ſtated number of years, as on the courſe of life. Many love merchants retain their credit beyond threeſcore, whilſt others more prodigal, are abſolute inſolvents at thirty.

Miſs

Miſs L—nl—y, No. 11, *Glanvill Street.*

They danc'd around, but 'mongſt the reſt was ſeen
A lady of a more majeſtick mein;
And as ſhe mov'd or turn'd, her motions good,
Her meaſures kept, and ſtep by ſtep purſu'd.
Admir'd, ador'd by all the circling crowd,
For whereſoe'er ſhe turn'd her face they bow'd.

This lady was the niece of no higher a perſonage than a Welch waſher woman; but having a talent for dancing, ſhe came to town with the view of getting upon the ſtage in that quality. She is pretty in her perſon, of a middle ſtature, pleaſing, neat figure, dark hair, and chearful temper. She has had many admirers, but a certain *Sergeant*, who was long a *houſe keeper*, beating up for recruits, ſhe inliſted under him, and is now in his ſervice; where, being very expert in her *exerciſe*, ſhe performs her *evolutions* to his great ſatisfaction. Some indeed ſay, ſhe is ſometimes abſent without *furlow*, and makes ſome excurſions in *foreign* ſervice; but as ſhe has never been caught tripping, ſhe cannot be eſteemed a *deſerter*. She is about 21 years of age, and well deſerves as many ſhillings for a ſingle embrace.

Miſs

Miſs Su—y B—rns, No 11, *New Compton Street.*

Embrace me cloſe, join thy lips to mine,
There's no ſecurity in other joys.
Here happineſs is rivetted alone,
Here nothing fades, nothing decays, the ſweets
Immortal are, and never ceaſe to ſpring.

She is a pretty woman, middle ſized, of an agreeable perſon, and chearful temper, about twenty three, with dark eyes and hair. She ſeldom goes out *marauding*, but expects private viſiters at home, where their reception is both genteel and enticing. She was for ſome time the darling of a certain captain, who might be a very good paymaſter in the coin of love, though an abſolute inſolvent in any other money. Indeed, in reſpect to her, he might have let her have a ſufficiency for maintainance, however he *might get it*. For many have been known who would be liberal enough to their miſtreſſes, though the brewer and baker went unpaid, and their wives unclad; fulfilling the lines of the poet,

For whilſt abroad, ſo prodigal the dolt is,
Poor ſpouſe, at home, as ragged as a colt is.

Though

Though indeed we may acquit the captain of that prodigality as he was never known to be liberal of any thing but—promiſes.

Her preſent friend is a Mr. D——ls, to whom ſhe is under great obligation, and indeed would be much more ſo, were it equally in his power, as it is in his inclination. A guinea is her uſual fee.

Miſs S——y H—gh—s, No. 40, *Ogle-Street.*

An age in her embraces paſt,
Would ſeem a winter's day;
Where life and light, with envious haſte,
Are torn and ſnatch'd away.

Were it not that ſportſmen look on all kept ladies, as fair game, Miſs Sally would not have a place within this liſt; nay, we imagine that whoever purſues her will be thrown out in the chace; as we, after the moſt diligent enquiry, cannot find that ſhe has once failed in her fidelity to her friend.

She is now about ſeventeen years old,

tall

tall and well made, though rather inclinable to fat. Her teeth very even, her hair dark, and she has a lovely pair of dark eyes. Her behaviour is perfectly consonant with decorum, and her conduct guided, by prudence. So formed and accomplished, it is no wonder she is beloved by her friend, who is a Shoemaker of opulence in Oxford Street. Mr. R——s love for her, first fixed on her good qualities, and is rivetted by the well founded opinion of her being entirely his own; in which he is the more secure, from her not being handsome, but on the contrary much pitted with the small pox; yet she retains a good complexion. In short, she wants nothing but the sacerdotal fiat, to put her on a complete level with the most *legally* virtuous woman.

Miss Br—wn, No. 5, *Kings Place.*

'Tis just four years since this lady was *fit for service*, and its just as long since she has been in actual employment; most of her time has been in the city, but finding her commodity getting stale in

in that market, ſhe opened her ſhop at a diſtant part, where her buſineſs ſoon increaſed; indeed ſhe refuſes neither men nor money; and we are told, but we hope without much foundation, that ſhe is remarkably fond of the gin bottle, ſhe is fat, with light hair, and a pretty ſparkling blue eye, her teeth are but indifferent, but the ſmell of the juniper takes off every offence that the teeth may occaſion, and makes her a *deſirable piece*.

Mrs. R—b—nſ—n, *Carrington-Street, May Fair.*

Entranc'd they did lie,
'Till Alexis did try,
To recover new breath, that again he might die;
Then often they died, but the more they did ſo,
The nymph died more quick, and the ſhepherd more ſlow.

This lady is delicate in her complexion, elegant in her figure, and decent in her manner. Her eye, indeed, is not *lively*, but is *languidly charming*, and is what the poet ſtiles.

The

The ſleepy eye that ſpeaks the melting ſoul.

In ſhort, on ſome tender occaſions, it ſeems to be turned inwards to view the ſoul's content. She is about twenty two years of age, and is now in very good keeping, by C——l G——d.

Early knowing the inconvenience of dependence, ſhe has aſſiduouſly avoided any connection with the *mother abbeſſes*, and trades entirely on her *own bottom*, in elegant furniſhed lodgings; where her price is ſeldom leſs then paper, for either a *flying ſkirmiſh* or a *whole night's ſiege*. In her endeavours to pleaſe, we are credibly informed, ſhe ſpares no pains; and is truly of the *melting mood*; ſo that like the ſkilful gardener, ſhe plentifully ſhowers down the genial dew on whatever ſeed is ſown in her parterre.

She is partial to the private intrigueing houſes, where you may be certain of meeting with her, without danger of interruption.

Miſs W—tſ—n, No. 11, *Glanville-Street*.

Now let us ſtart and give a looſe to love,
Feaſt every ſoul, with moſt luxurious pleaſure.

This is a girl indeed feaſts *every* ſenſe. Seeing and feeling, are ſeduouſly employed by her, in proportion to the price, from five ſhillings to two guineas. She is about twenty, rather ſhort, but lewd, frolick and gameſome, has a pretty roman noſe, with fine black hair and eyes, and would be more agreeable to many, if ſhe drank and ſwore leſs. She is an excellent poſture miſtreſs, and has ſtudied each of *Aretine's* attitudes. She very readily diſplays her naked charms, and willingly exhibits *Eve's water gap*, without a ſingle *fig-leaf*.

Mrs. Gl—ſsf—d, No. 11, *Southampton-Buildings, Holborn.*

——To know delight they haſte,
And panting in each other's arms embrac'd;
Ruſh to the conſcious bed a mutual freight,
And heedleſs preſs it with their wonted weight;
The thoughtleſs pair, indulging their deſires,
Alternate kindl'd, and then quench'd their fires.

This lady takes her name from a gentleman who is in the ſea ſervice of the Eaſt India Company, and who from particular

particular attachment left her an allowance of two guineas per week, during his abſence.

She now diverts herſelf with other ſea officers, to increaſe the ſum of her pocket money. Her ſtatue is tall, her eyes and hair are dark, and her complexion rather ſwarthy, aged twenty one. As ſhe never takes leſs than a guinea for a diſh of tea, and a game at *tee-to-tum*, it may be eaſily ſuppoſed that none but captains can afford to caſt anchor in her port. However, we are aſſured there is good *riding*, no *foul ground*, nor any fear of *ſtranding the cables*, as ſhe admits no veſſel without a *clean bill of health*, and *due examination*. Not being willing to brook diſappointment, a favorite Hairdreſſer is often called to fill up her *vacuum*.

Miſs Eſther Sp—nc—r, at No. 31, *Goodge Street*.

This lady has carried on, with the help of a tolerable perſon, a very good trade for ſome years paſt. In her earlier days ſhe had a *faſhionable* education; that is to ſay, ſhe has been taught to dance and

ſtudy the Graces, &c. but with reſpect to any uſeful inſtruction, has not the leaſt knowledge; but however, notwithſtanding, there is a pretty nothingneſs in her converſation, which makes her a very agreeable companion for an hour or two; ſhe has but indifferent teeth, dark hair, a fine forehead, and a very good leg; is about twenty ſix years of age, and though tall and luſty, is very fond of the blackamoors hops.

Mr. B——, a Confectioner, not far from Bond Street, is ſaid to be her particular favorite. As to her terms, ſhe varies according to the circumſtances of the caſe, juſt as it may happen.

Mrs. V—n—s, No. 62, *Newman Street*,

Is (we preſume) a young widow, about twenty-one years of age, as ſhe has lately been at Oſtend, and was from thence conveyed home, by a gentleman of the city, who has ſince proved a very good friend to her.

She is a moſt elegant and inviting woman; and, in our opinion, not inferior

rior in point of *beauty*, to any of the higheſt beauties in his Majeſty's dominions; her face, her air, her gait, appear to be ſomething almoſt more than mortal; her perſon is tall and delicate; her eyes dark, bright, and ſparkling; her eye-brows are black as ebony: ſhe wears her hair dreſſed in a kind of romantic manner; the treſſes ſeem intervoven by the fingers of Love; her neck is moſt delightfully formed; and her complexion is finely animated by the pure tints of Nature, which Art vainly attempts to imitate: her teeth and lips are ſo beautiful, that the moment ſhe opens her mouth, you perceive the beauty of pearls, and the ſweetneſs of roſes; in a word, ſhe is full of graces; nothing is more ſoft than her looks, more pleaſing than her carriage, or more moving then the ſound of her voice: an air of gaiety and inexpreſſible tenderneſs breathe around her, but ſo happily tempered, that, though every one who beholds her muſt admire, yet ſhe has *knowledge* enough to be prudent, and takes care to be in a very fair way of becoming, in a ſhort time, entirely independent. Her price is five guineas,

and ſhe may be generally met with at Kellys or Weſtons.

Mrs. W—dg—r, *at a Perfumer's in Rathbone Place,*

Is an unexperienced dame, having juſt left her friends in Hampſhire ; ſhe appears to be a well meaning girl, has natural ſenſe, but by no means cunning enough for her preſent profeſſion, for we have always found it as true as any axiom in Geometry, that the *Swains* will take as mean advantages of the Nymphs as the latter can of them, which in our opinion, is very much to their diſgrace, and needs no argument to prove the truth of the aſſertion. Poor Nancy is a mere *Je vous remercie Monſieur.* But however, ſhe *muſt* of courſe, and by fate and neceſſity, ſoon learn better ; ſhe has very fine red hair, remarkably long, and good teeth ; her complexion is particularly fair, and as far as we can judge entirely unaſſiſted by Coſmetics ; ſhe dreſſes neat, but not at all in the ſtile of a *fille de joye,* but there is no doubt ſhe will ſoon *mend,* unleſs ſhe

ſhould

ſhould ſoon fall into the hands of ſome rational keeper (which we own is a ſcarce animal) who has ſenſe enough to improve her natural good nature and gratitude, to the improvement of her underſtanding and his own felicity.

She has, however, been given to underſtand that her favours are of the full value of two pounds two.

Miſs Ll—yd, No. 9, *Bolton Street, Piccadilly.*

A very fine girl of about ſeventeen years of age, has exceeding fine dark eyes and hair, with teeth like poliſhed marble, but, though ſhe excels moſt of the fiſterhood in charms, ſhe is very inferior to them in ſeveral other things, which by ſome are thought requiſites, ſuch as diſſipation, thoughtleſſneſs, ignorance, &c. but we think ſhe has ſcarcely mirth enough, for ſhe has a white melancholy or leuchocoly, which, though it ſeldom laughs or dances, yet is a good eaſy ſort of a ſtate, and *ca ne laiſſe que de s'amuſer :* ſhe is very fond of a cleaver young fellow, eſpecially if he be

be an able *poſture-maſter*, for ſhe is particularly fond of that ſame diſh only dreſſed in a different manner, as per example, *poulet a le broche*, *poulets enragent*, *poulets en haches*, poulets en *fricaſees*; kiſſing here, kiſſing there, ſtill that *ſame thing* in a different manner. She expects two guineas, not having been in life more than that number of years.

Miſs V—ll—rs, No. 28, *Titchfield Street.*

This lady is very ſingular in her converſation and dreſs, ſhe ſays whatever comes uppermoſt in her mind, and can ſing a very good ſong; as to her dreſs it is at all times airy and negligent, but in the ſummer ſhe goes almoſt in a ſtate of *pure nature*, not conſidering with the poet, that what is ſaid of wit, may be applied to beauty. "Beauty is nature "to advantage *dreſſ'd.*"

The public gardens and play-houſes are the chief places that ſhe reſorts to, at all which ſhe is very well known, and drives on a pretty extenſive *manufactory* in her own *garden*; ſhe is about twenty-one,

one, red hair'd, and very fair, has good teeth, and loves the ſport to diſtraction, where there is any thing to be gained; for a young fellow of ability in perſon and pocket will be ſure to be *drain'd* to the utmoſt *valuable produce*. Her price is two guineas, ſhe is befriended by a Mr. W———t, a wealthy citizen.

Miſs Gl—v—r, No. 3, *Glanville Street*.

"But the nymph diſdains to pine,
"Who bathes the wound with roſy wine."

Forſaken a few months ſince by her keeper, who was an excellent friend to her; but ſhe caſts all ſorrows away in a bumper, and very wiſely conſiders only the preſent hour as worth her care and conſideration: ſhe is a Lincolnſhire girl, about twenty-two years of age, has been a votary to rapture and mirth about two years, and finds her preſent beſt friends among the Playhouſe frequenters. She is a tall genteel looking woman, with fine blue eyes, light hair, good teeth, but a violent hot temper'd madam after all.

Mrs.

Mrs. Wr—g—t, No. 37, *Union Street.*

Immoderate pleaſure all her looks expreſſ'd,
Unbridl'd tranſports ſtrove within her breaſt,
Broke through her eyes, and ſcorn'd to be ſuppreſſ'd.

She is tall and genteel, about twenty eight years old, fair complexion, and her face very agreeable, her teeth are good, her hair reddiſh, and her temper eaſy, free and complying. She is thoroughly qualified to give pleaſure, and is no niggard of her endeavours. Her touch is delicate, and conveys thrilling ſenſations; and ſhe is ſuperiorly eminent for moving a repetition of joy, by a thouſand love provoking actions; her price is one guinea, but ſhe is far from being mercenary.

This lady is very lately come from Goſport, where it is ſaid ſhe had the good fortune of getting a huſband. *Legally*, however, they ſoon parted by mutual conſent, and he again took to traverſing the ocean.

Miſs

Miſs N—wc—mb, *at Mrs. Adams's, King's-Place.*

With thee I'd break thro' laws divine and human,
And think them cobwebs, ſpread for little man,
Which all the bulky herd of nature breaks,
The vigorous young world was ignorant,
Of all reſtrictions. 'Tis deceit now,
Not more devout, but more decay'd and old.

Reſtraints of reaſon, ties of blood, marriage vows, and prudential maxims, are all weak barriers, when Miſs N—wc—mb appears, opens her arms, and excites to pleaſure. Her teeth invites the burning kiſs, her ſtature tall, but quite genteel. Her complexion pleaſes the eye; and her ſoft plump body rebounds from the cloſe embrace, and demands repeated preſſures. Her yielding limbs, though beautiful when together, are ſtill more raviſhing when ſeparated. And when properly placed between them, we may cry out with the poet Addiſon,

I'm loſt in extacy.
How ſhall I ſpeak the tranſports of my ſoul?
I am ſo bleſs'd I fear 'tis all a dream.

Other beauties indeed, may give equal

equal joys, but few like Miſs N——b can continue them; others may *forge* chains, and put them on their lovers, but few like her can rivet them. Her great prudence, uncommon with the ſiſterhood, keep her admirers attached to her; and none can quit her but with regret. From ſtrangers, (who muſt be gentlemen) ſhe expects a genteel compliment; but when once acquainted, ſhe abates in her demands, in proportion as ſhe increaſes in her attachment.

She has fine dark eyes, with light brown hair, and is about nineteen years of age. Has not been in trade, more than a twelvemonth.

Miſs R—b—nſ—n, No. 9, *Glanville Street.*

When love gives law, beauty the ſceptre ſways,
And, uncompell'd, the happy world obeys.

This lady is fair, well ſhaped, fine ſize, with lovely black hair, and piercing eyes. She is about twenty two, and hath not been in trade for herſelf above half a year. She is very good tempered,

and

and is really a fine piece of temptation. She is ſaid to be fond of pre-eminence, and loves to be *uppermoſt*; ſo ſhe is thoroughly qualified for the knighthood of the *garter*, as ſhe cannot only *tame the dragon* but even *ride St. George*. Her price for either *mounting* or being *mounted* is one pound one.

Mrs. Wh—te, No. 14, *John Street, Portland Street.*

Where love its utmoſt vigor doth employ,
Ev'n then 'tis but a reſtleſs wand'ring joy;
Nor knows the lover in that wild exceſs,
With hands and eyes, what firſt he would poſſeſs;
But ſtrains at all; and, faſt'ning where he ſtrains,
Too cloſely preſſes with his frantic pains:
With biting kiſſes, hurts the twining fair,
Which ſhews his joys imperfect, unſincere:
For ſtung with inward rage, he flings around,
And ſtrives t' avenge the ſmart, on that which gave the wound.
But love thoſe eager bitings does reſtrain,
And, mingling pleaſure, mollifies the pain.

This young lady is formed to fulfil the obſervations in the motto. She raiſes deſires to the utmoſt pitch, and exalts rapture ſo high, that it can go no further, but muſt recede. 'Tis true, indeed, ſhe does her utmoſt to renew the pleaſure, and generally ſucceeds, until nature is exhauſted and demands time to refill the emptied cells. She is about twenty two, ſhort and luſty, of an agreeable countenance, and pleaſing in her manners. She has lately been in high keeping, by a Major M———o, but now ſhe may be won for two guineas.

Mrs. D—x—n, No. 50, *Newman Street.*

What images ſhall eloquence prepare,
To paint a form ſo perfect and ſo lovely ?
Others by ſlow degrees advance in love,
And ſtep by ſtep, and leiſurely get ground ;
We article with judgment ere we yield ;
Reaſon rejecting oft where fancy's found.
She ſeizes hearts ; not waiting for conſent,
Like ſudden death that ſnatches unprepar'd;

Like

Like light'ning's flame, ſcarce ſeen ſo ſoon as
felt.
All other beauties ſeem inferior ſtars,
At her appearance, vaniſhing apace;
Whene'er ſhe mounts, they ſet.

This is great praiſe, you will ſay, gentle reader, but it is truth. She is truly lovely, truly agreeable both in perſon, conduct, and converſation. She is of a middling ſize, but delicately proportioned; her hair and eyes are dark, her teeth fine, her breath like the fragrance of new mown hay; and ſhe is about twenty four; yet her external charms are the leaſt of her merit; her lively diſpoſition, and engaging temper, riſe ſuperior to them, and confirm her conqueſts. She is not to be approached by audacity or indelicacy, for any money; but the man of addreſs, and tenderneſs, may be admitted to a participation of her charms for three guineas. In the light, though cheerful, ſhe is rather reſerved; but at night ſhe fulfills the expreſſion of Sciolto.

When bluſhing from the light and public eyes,
To the kind covert of the night ſhe flies;

With *equal fire* to meet her lover, *moves*,
Within his arms, and, with a *looſe* ſhe loves.

She ſings excellently, and can play on the Guittar very prettily; by birth we learn ſhe is an American, but is lately come from Scotland. Her particular friend is a Captain M———, but he does not altogether engage her.

Miſs Charl—tte C—ll—ns, *Oxford Buildings, Oxford Street.*

The loaded kine about the cottage ſtand,
Inviting with known ſound, the milker's hand.

Charlotte is about three and twenty, her hair is black, her teeth indifferent, her breaſts round and ſmall, her ſtature under ſized, but her arms and legs are too much in the gothic ſtile. She was bred a dairy maid in Staffordſhire, but an enſign in a marching regiment, took her from *milking* the *cow*, and taught her to *ſtroke* the *bull*. She ſoon after was quitted by him, and the ſtage waggon brought her to town. On her arrival ſhe hired herſelf to a cow-keeper near Iſlington.

Iſlington. Thus ſhe kept her hand in, till being ſeen by a Bridewell Boy, who married her and put her in lodgings, where beſides *milking* him; ſhe ſometimes employs her leiſure hours, in handling other teats, and is ſaid to have not only a delicate hand at *ſtroaking*, but great ſkill in the uſe of the *churn*, ſoon making love's *butter* from nature's cream. She is ſo very agreeable, and ſo well accompliſhed in that branch of the dairy, that had ſhe cunning, equal to her other qualifications, ſhe might greatly encreaſe her profit; but ſhe is void of art, and always takes what is given to her, be it either gold or ſilver. However, that is a fault that will mend with time; and when ſhe is taught to ſet a proper value on herſelf, ſhe will be more ſought than at preſent.

Dear variety would not let her be long conſtant to her youthful huſband, for ſhe ſoon ſupplied his place in the perſon of Dick P—— the Bayliff's ſon.

Miſs

Miſs G—l—w—y, at No. 9, *Glanville Street.*

Beauty to no complexion is confined,
'Tis of all colours, and by none defin'd.

This is a ſhort, fat, fair complexioned, good natured girl; very lively and very complying; ſhe deſerves cuſtom, for ſhe is ready to oblige her cuſtomers, any way they chuſe, and will take what they pleaſe to give, never haggling for price. This, ſometimes, is to her advantage; for truſting to a gentleman's generoſity, ſhe frequently gets more than ſhe would have preſumed to aſk. At other times indeed, ſhe meets with diſappointments, for there are ſome ſo very mean as, when their *pipe* is out, to refuſe paying for the tobacco.

She has only been four months in trade, is about twenty years of age, has light hair and blue eyes, her teeth are rather large, but good, and ſhe has been very genteely brought up.

Mrs, Cl—l—nd, No. 64, *Swallow Str.*

What ſounds appear, where e'er I turn my eyes,
All around
Enchanted ground,
And ſoft eliſiums riſe:
Flow'ry mountains,
Moſſy fountains,
Shady woods,
Chriſtal floods,
With wild variety ſurprize.

When Addiſon wrote theſe lines, he little thought he was deſcribing Mrs. Cl—l—nd's *low countries*. Yet the deſcription is juſt. Soon as the vail is withdrawn, and the traveller has paſſed *holland*, he is *ſurprized* with the wild variety he beholds, and is raviſhed, like the old jewiſh legiſlator on mount Piſgah, with a view of the *promiſed land*, flowing with milk and honey. Her *fountain*, whence flows the impending flood, (ſometime like *chryſtal*, and ſometimes like amber) is edged with delicate *moſs*. The *wood* is *ſhady* and *tufted*; and the *mountain*, at the top, is not always deſtitute of *flowers*. Letting the eye wander over the downs from the ſummit of the

the mountain : it firſt beholds, a central cup, with a pretty little boſs in the midſt ; and beyond that, on the ſides of a milk white valley, are two large white hillocks, with tops of a reddiſh brown, furniſhed with a great number of ſmall pipes, for the conveyance of milk. The reſervoirs of *honey* (which compleat this lovely *Canaan*) are placed at a diſtance under the *grove*, and between the moſſy ſkirts of the fountain; they empty by a number of canals into the grand avenue ; and will diſcharge their contents on the gentle friction of a warm conduit pipe. This honey is as ſweet to the *feel*, as that of Hybla to the taſte, and when felt, truly makes *ſoft elyſiums riſe*. Many travellers have viſited this delightful country, and felt the *honey*, but, only by permiſſion of the fair lady of the manor, who expects a fee of two guineas for the licence.

She is a Scotch laſs of about two and twenty, middle ſized, very genteel, has good teeth, with dark hair and eyes, and remarkable pretty arch'd eye brows.

Miſs Sm—th, No. 9, *Glanville Street.*

The lovely girl lay panting in my arms,
And all ſhe ſaid and did was full of charms.

Fair, tall, very genteel and agreeable, good complexion, white teeth and about eighteen. Can a girl thus formed fail to pleaſe? When good temper is added ſhe muſt be charming—ſo indeed ſhe is; would ſhe drink leſs, ſhe would have no fault, but it is not ſo much for the love of liquor, but purely out of good nature, for the good of the houſe, into which ſhe takes her Strephons. This makes her acceptable to the taverns and bagnios; and with her, you are always ſure of a good room, genteel treatment, and diligent attendance; her price is one guinea.

She is lately come from Yorkſhire, and has not been in her preſent line of life more than ſeven months.

Miſs Aſhm—r—, No. 3, *Poland Street, Oxford Street.*

All breathleſs they disjoin'd—he backwards drew
The *ſhrunk machine*, from that *ſweet coral mouth*
Whoſe

Whoſe precious taſte her thirſty *lips* well knew,
Whereon they ſurfeit, yet complain of drought;
He with her plenty preſs'd, ſhe craving ſtill,
Revives the *dead* again—again to *kill.*

This tall, genteel, full grown nymph, is a very deſirable bedfellow for the *warm ſportſman* in the *Cyprian games*; here he may purſue the *burning chace*, and traverſe the *riſing grounds*, the *pleaſant valleys*, and *tufted groves* ſo richly *planted* and appropriated to the votaries of Venus, with as much freedom as the amorous ſun kiſſes and plays his melting beams upon every part of the genial earth, and emulate his warmth as fervently as he pleaſes, riot in charms, till every *ſenſe* is filled with *maddening tranſport*, and the fierce anguiſh of almoſt *unbearable pleaſure* call for the gratifying that *ſenſe* which, like Aaron's ſerpent, ſwallows up the reſt, and collecting every ray of fire, is rendered ſo impetuous as to remove every weak barrier with hot impatience, and force at once *into* the *magic circle* of all her charms concentered, till *ſtung* with the *delightful friction*, her whole frame is buſy to improve and heighten the *killing joy*; hands, lips, eyes, breaſts, all conſpire to haſten

ten the *bliſsful death*, which, being *in* at, he *enjoys* with unſpeakable pleaſure, whilſt the *ſtreams* of *fruition pour* on both ſides from every *ſpring* of life, and *mingle* all its *ſweets*; breathleſs they lie, *diſſolved* in extacy, till recovering *life*, they *pant* again for *death*. She has fair hair, blue eyes, about twenty years of age, good teeth, and as fine a pair of legs as the eye can behold, or the hand of luxury would wiſh to ſeparate; two guineas is her uſual price.

Miſs K—ng, No. 17, *Union Street.*

Every way formed for *giving* and *receiving* pleaſure, ſhe is a fund of delight which many a man would be happy to poſſeſs, though but for a night. She is of a dark complexion, well made, and has a pair of dark blue eyes, which at every tell-tale glance diſcovers the wanton wiſhes ſo predominant in her ſoul, and invite the *blind coral headed boy* into her *cloiſter* of *teeming joys*, where ſhe will entertain him with as much ſpirit and activity; as moſt of her ſiſterhood; ſo laviſh indeed is ſhe, that ſhe cares not how

how much ſhe *ſpends* upon him, nor will ſhe be at all frugal with reſpect to her *gueſt*, for ſhe cares not how much ſhe drains him of *his liquid* treaſure, but will be content with *one piece* of the *ſolid*.

She has not been above a twelve month in life, is about twenty one years of age, of a good ſize, good teeth, and a remarkable fine leg; was lately what is called a ſervant maid—at Knightſbridge.

Miſs Y—ng, No. 44, *Berwick Street*.

"I am as willing to *grapple*, as he was to *board*."

This firſt-rate *Frigate* of *Venus* is not afraid of any *man* of war; if ſhe once gets *yard* arm and *yard* arm, ſhe is ſure to *engage* with the utmoſt ſpirit, and let his weight of *metal* be ever ſo great, ſhe will lower his *main yard*, and make him *ſtrike* to her. She has a very capacious *hold*, ſo that if ſhe finds a prize *deeply laden*, ſhe will *take it all in* with pleaſure. She is a very handſome, well built, tight little veſſel, but to drop metaphor, (gueſſing that all my readers are not nautically verſed,) this pretty agreeable laſs

laſs, has a pair of the moſt expreſſive blue eyes, that ever ſhot the lightning of deſire to the impreſſible heart, and her beautiful auburn locks are well adapted for the toying fingers of the playful amoroſo. She has good teeth, which well underſtand the *pleaſing* bite; has a plumpneſs very ailuring to thoſe who love to *feel* what they *claſp*, and in this liking, ſhe is not outdone by any, for ſhe loves to *claſp* the mighty *engine* of the wanton boy in its utmoſt *tumidity*, and to *feel* the *fulneſs* of its *force ſpend* itſelf *within her*, which ſhe never fails of warmly *ſaluting*, and meeting it with a whole *liquid broadſide*. Her diſpoſition is ſo good, that her *antagoniſt* is always ſure to be treated after the engagement in the kindeſt manner.

She expects a brace of golden pictures at or before parting.

Mrs. F—t, N°. 80, *Queen Ann-ſtreet, Eaſt.*

" Subtle *ſenſation* darting through the brain,
" *Die* of a roſe in aromatic *pain*."

What can a heart fraught with the glowing warmth of luxuriant ſenſibility,

and fired with an imagination fervent as the day's bright luminary, which Nature has impreſſed with colourings all her own, wiſh for more than the *full enjoyment* of a nymph young, beautiful, and lovely in her diſpoſition, as well as perſon; *teeming* with ſweets, and ſwelling with deſire too exuberant, too poignantly fierce to brook confinement. Nothing ſurely can equal the exquiſite delight of *corporeal enjoyments*, heightened by the delicious imagery of two buſy, lively creative fancy's, where *ſoul* ſeems to meet *ſoul*, and *incorporate* with each other; *one ſtrong painfully ſweet* idea actuating them both, and correſponding with the two lines above, of our harmonious maſter of melodious numbers, whilſt the groſſer ſenſes are connected in the ſame band of mutual pleaſure; *rivetted* by every *feeling*, and *giving* and *receiving* unutterable tranſports.

" Bodies *mingling*, ſexes *blending*,
" Who ſhall moſt be *loſt* contending."

Such are the delights of this blooming girl, this living model of exulting nature muſt give to the man of rich deſire, replete with the *full breathings* of voluptuous

tuous fancy, and *highly amourous feelings*. To deſcribe her perſon as it deſerves, requires the pen of the author of the ſublime and beautiful, and the pencil of a Reynolds; however, we will juſt attempt a minute deſcription. She is of an elegant figure, and very tall; ſtands on the temptingly inviting verge of twenty-one, a very handſome perſon, a fair and good complexion, dark eyes and hair, white and even teeth, and has lately been abroad.

We underſtand ſhe was born in Ireland, and is frequently to be met with at M s. Kelly's. Can a piece of fine Bank Paper be too much for ſuch a companion? At any rate, ſuch are her expectations.

Miſs M—rr—s, N°. 81, *Queen Ann-ſtreet, Eaſt.*

So fond of *love's game*, you never can tame
The ſpirit inceſſant deſire,
Stirs up in her frame, and blows into a flame,
You may damp, but not put out the fire.

This lady is tall and genteel, very fair and delicate, with dark hair and eyes, good

teeth and very ſhewey appearance; a face which might be called pretty, and of ſuch an age, that ſhe might with great truth apply to herſelf the ſong,

" Time has not thinned my flowing hair,"

being only twenty-three. She is not at preſent in keeping, but has met with a ſlip incidental to the *ſports of Nature*, having had a child by a gentleman of her preſent name, who has now left her to the foſtering hand of a generous public; the ſportſmen of which, will find her good *game*, and though very *mettleſome*, eaſily run down. She is very fond of getting under *cover*, where, if the *terrier* is a good one, ſhe will ſhew excellent *ſport*, the enjoyment of which, is well worth a couple of ſpare pieces.

Miſs P—&t—n, N°. 16, *Union-ſtreet.*

O love be moderate, allay thy extaſy,
In meaſure *rain* thy joy, ſcant this exceſs,
I *feel* too much thy bleſſing, make it leſs
For fear I ſurfeit. ———

Elegance and beauty mark this engaging nymph for their own;——with the

the face of Hebe, and the complexion of a *Ninon le Enclos*, the eyes of an Eloiſe, and the gracefulneſs of the deity ſhe is ſo warm a votary of. She is of a majeſtic height, has very good teeth, remarkably even, and is at the prime age of twenty-one, glowing with all the fire of youth and love, and with all the exuberance of boiling health, as *full of juice* as the ripe cherry, when tempting the taſte by its vivid diſtention, and of vigor as the goddeſs Diana in the heat of the chace, ſhe aſks that "*full toned* virility that ſpeaks ſo *feelingly home* to the female heart." She either keeps, or is kept by a certain limb of the law; however, there is a linen draper, whom ſhe is very fond of, as ſhe always finds a *meaſure* to anſwer his *yard*; her temper is tolerably good whilſt ſolely under the influence of Venus; but when once Bacchus interferes his potent ſway, it becomes very indifferent; however, by the addition of a third deity (Plutus) and giving her one or two of his all-powerful pieces, her brow will be rendered placid, and ſhe may be kept in a very *deſirable* mood. She is remarked for great cleanlineſs in her perſon.

Miſs H—mm—nd, Nº. 5, *Glanville-ſtreet.*

Oh! let me wander all unſeen,
Beneath the *ſanction* of her *mein*;
As *velvet* ſoft, as *lillies* fair,
As *honey* ſweet, as diamonds rare;
There pluck the choiceſt *flowers* of *bliſs*,
And kiſſing *die*, and *dying* kiſs.

It has been ſaid this lady is kept by a Mr. C— of the city, but we are fully ſatisfied that is not really the caſe, as ſhe is never denied to any gentleman that aſks in a polite manner for her; and moſt will find her, when they become *familiarly* acquainted, a piece not unworthy their notice. She has a pretty inviting countenance, fair hair, fine blue eyes, and a complexion that draws a pleaſing line between the brunette and the fair, and blends both in ſuch a manner, as to make a very pleaſing medium. Her lovely *half globes* of nature, are nevertheleſs of the faireſt hue, and ſo *proud* of their ſituation, that they never ſink below their deſtined mark; but though they never fall, they often elevate themſelves in a very pleaſing manner, and tell the gazer, in very plain terms, the ſituation of *Cupid's cole hole*, whoſe

whose *embers* are now sufficiently warmed, to admit the *red-headed torch*, which, when buried in her *forge*, she can at one single *stroke* mechanically melt down, without much loss of weight, to a very great loss of substance; and is so *handy*, that with the greatest facility, in general, she can make him recover his former figure. Her lodging is filled with her own furniture, so that if you would wish to *lay in* any of yours, she expects a guinea a night for house-room.

She is allowed to be a very agreeable companion, perfectly sober and well-behaved; aged about eighteen, and of the middle size.

Miss Ashf—d, N°. 30, *Goodge-street.*

And as she sits in raptures on his knee,
Her hand drew out the *turned monstrous wight*;
Alarm'd she *saw*, but wishing not to *see*,
She op'd her legs—and *put him* out of sight.

This lady is very desirous of pleasing all her admirers; and if wanton looks, if amorous well-pressed kisses, if the mutual intercourse of the silent language of tongues,

tongues, can rouſe the *dormant ſenſe*, you will not complain of any deficiency in that point. If that will not anſwer, ſhe preſents you in a ſingular manner with a new language of the eyes, and obliges you to ſalute her heaving, panting breaſts: if all theſe attempts prove vain, ſhe ſcruples not to expoſe to public view her *choiceſt treaſure*, at the ſame time demanding a return of the compliment, which when complied with, ſhe finds no difficult taſk to *revivify*; ſecuring herſelf thus far, ſhe never wiſhes to loſe time, but inſtantly begins the *game*, which ſhe then has in her own *hand*, and takes care he ſhall not play, ſo as to win a *trick*. She is rather tall, and very well made, dark eyes and good teeth, a dark complexion, which ſhe improves by the aſſiſtance of rouge; is in her nineteenth year, and wiſhes to ſee a guinea the firſt thing in the morning.

She has only been about a twelvemonth in trade.

Miſs W—lſ—n, No. 8. *Blenheim-ſteps.*

This tall fine lively girl, has a fair complexion,

complexion, good teeth, light eyes and hair, exceedingly well bred, and promiſes to make as good a ſportſwoman as any in the *Park*; ſhe manages all her *paces* with judgment, and though ſhe prefers a *flying leap*, ſhe never yet was foiled at a *ſtanding one*; ſhe never wiſhes to uſe a *ſpur*, neither does ſhe chuſe *riding* in *boots*, and let the road be ever ſo *ſtony*, ſhe does not regard it, but in general mends her *pace*. Her pleaſing countenance wears a continual ſmile, and her fine flaxen hair adds a grace to every feature; and although ſo lately initiated into the *trading* line, (only five months) ſhe never fails examing her *ſtanding* acquaintance; for as ſhe never had the *ſmall-pox*, ſhe does not wiſh to be *inoculated*. Her price, is what you pleaſe above a guinea.

Miſs Polly And—rſ—n, N°. 11, *Pitt-ſtreet, Charlotte-ſtreet.*

Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taſte, freſh beauty, for love's uſe;
Herb for their ſmell, and ſappy plants to bear;
Things kept unnotic'd are but love's abuſe:

Come

Come here and revel then in rich delight,
Feaſt on her charms, and *ſpend* in bliſs the night.

Should a man, whoſe paſſions are fired with the generous glow of luxuriant ſenſibility, and whoſe fancy is ever pregnant with the rich ſtreamlets of humanity —ſhould ſuch a man, whoſe heart is ever open to the moſt delightful *feelings* of his *nature*, be led by the wayward hand of chance, or prompted by the irreſiſtible ardor of inclination to the arms of this lovely fair, he will find in the delectable embrace, every reciprocal joy that can wind two ſouls to extaſy. For at the warm inviting age of twenty, with the fluſh of beauty on her cheek, the complexion of a Helen, (being uncommonly pretty) the graceful ſtature of a Juno, and eyes the colour of the heavenly blue-eyed maid, —like them too, penetrating, and ſweetly affable, (with the additional tenderneſs and amorous ſportiveneſs of the playful queen of Cyprian pleaſure, they beam unutterable ſoftneſs upon the fond enraptured gazer) dark hair, good teeth, and the diſpoſition of a Hebe, ſhe cannot fail of pleaſing the man of *ſenſible* ſenſuality, whoſe ſenſibility is ſo finely interwoven in his temper and conſtitution as to thrill with

with the moſt poignant ſenſation at the ſlighteſt touch of the little all-ruling deity, and vibrate with the pulſation of the moſt pungent rapture. But as the neceſſities of life cannot be ſupplied in a vulgar unharmonized world, without the coalition of Plutus with Cupid, a ſprig of the root of all evil is abſolutely neceſſary.

She ſings and dances delightfully, and is in good keeping.

Miſs Betſey M—ll—r, N°. 30, *Goodge-ſtreet.*

Her glances could create a day in cells,
And kindle freezing hermits into dalliance.

She is well made, and rather tall, but clever and genteel. Her hair is black, her face agreeable, her features regular, and her cheeks roſy, as (perhaps) art can make them. She has tolerable teeth, her diſpoſition is free, and her temper haſty Her age is about twenty-two, and for any one who does not think her too much of a woman for him, may be a very deſirable companion. Her conſtant place of walking is in Oxford-ſtreet, where ſhe may

may be distinguished from other *Ladies*, by a remarkable large black feather in her hat. Her price is one guinea—that is, if she can get no more, for she is of that turn, that she never thinks she has enough of love or money.

Miss G——n, N°. 43, *King-street*, *St. Ann's*.

" When you meet with one that's froward,
" Saucy, jilting, and untoward,
" Should you act the whining coward,
" 'Tis to mend her ne'er a whit.
" ——Let her, let her go, ne'er mind her."

Middling sized, well shaped, fair complexioned, light eyes, red haired, quite pretty and agreeable at first sight, and about twenty-three years old. With these qualifications would not one think Miss G——n a desirable woman? But behold the reverse of this beautiful medal. Her temper is execrable, and her behaviour scandalous, so as to limit the pleasure of her company to the few minutes employed in enjoyment, and not a moment, either before or after, to any but

but thoſe who are ſunk in brutal laſciviouſneſs. Luſcious diſcourſe may be pleaſing, but it muſt not be *fulſome*; pleaſure may admit of having its lamp lighted by the hand of luxury, but abhors to have it drowned with ſtinking oil. This lovely, capricious, and diſguſting female, will exact from you all ſhe can, previous to enjoyment, after which its two to one, but ſhe abuſes you, for not having ſtill more to give her. We are credibly informed this has been her practice more than once on different perſons.

Miſs B—llf—rd, N°. 11, *Glanville-ſtreet*.

Hither haſte while youth invites,
Obey kind Cupid's preſent voice;
Fill ev'ry ſenſe with ſoft delights,
And give thy ſoul a looſe to joys:
Let millions of repeated bliſſes prove---
That thou all kindneſs art---and I all love.

This charming girl, were it not for being rather ſhort, might truly be called the maſter-piece of Nature; for though below the ſtandard of Mars, ſhe is ſo

compleatly formed to that of Venus, as to be a delicious morſel for thoſe who delight to *erect* their *ſtandard* in a ſoft and flowery field, where humid kindly dews are ever ready to ſhed their ſweets on the manly adventurer, who boldly puſhes on in the amorous combat, till panting breathleſs in the fierce alarm, no longer able to ſuſtain the conflict, he chuſes rather to die in the gap, and *ſpend* his laſt breath in the ſervice of the Cyprian Queen, than to withdraw his weapon from that ſervice, while it has one ſpark of metal remaining from hilt to point. Her perſon is what we call pretty, and her age in its moſt improved ſtate, for ſhe is but eighteen, capable of giving the matureſt joys, with all the zeſt of virgin ripeneſs, when firſt gratifying the eager taſte, and with all the ſpirit and vivacity of youth; ſhe has a pair of ſemi-globes, beautifully full, with elaſticity rebounding to the tendereſt preſſure, and ſo warm, that without the help of natural electricity they would ſet a world on fire, eſpecially when added to the lightnings which flaſh from a pair of the fineſt blue eyes that ever ſet as deſtructive engines in a female head; but which,

when

when ſoftened by the imaginary or real tranſport, glance the mildeſt beams, and ſwim in a redundancy of native-ſhining fluid. She is of a dark complexion, with fine dark hair, which, when unſhackled by the fetters of art, floats in wavy ringlets, down a pair of well-formed ſhoulders; her teeth are good, and her temper no one ever yet found fault with, as it is perfectly ſweet and complying; ſhe was about three months ago, decoyed by an elderly gentleman into her preſent way of life, which however ſhe prefers to her former, and does not refuſe any viſitant who is able to cover his approaches to her covered work with one pound one.

Miſs Betſey Gr—n, N°. 44, *Mortimer-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-ſquare.*

Now fierce deſire does all his mind employ,
And ardent paſſion ſpeaks approaching joy:
Such is the nature of the pleaſing ſmart,
Whoſe burning drops diſtil upon the heart;
The fever of the ſoul, fleet from the fair,
And the cold ague of ſucceeding care.

This girl, although not handſome, is little, lively and wanton, and loves to join Bacchus and Venus together. She is the daughter of a jeweller in the city; and is a very good judge of *precious ſtones*. She likes them beſt indeed, when *rough* and *uncut*; and loves to ſet them in a black *hair* ring. She is very fond of a good ſprig of *coral*, and cares not how *red* the tip is. Though ſhe prefers the kind which the naturaliſts call *ſucculent*; and however hard it may be when put into her hand, ſhe poſſeſſes the natural chemiſtry of making it *ſoft* and flabby. This operation ſhe performs for one guinea, and has good buſineſs. She is about twenty-two, and can make the longeſt hour ſeem ſhort, altho' ſhe has been but one year in buſineſs for herſelf. She ſeldom takes any one home, always pretending to be but a viſitor at the above addreſs.

Miſs M—nſt—n, N°. 80, *Queen-Ann-ſtreet, Eaſt.*

O what a rapture did my frame ſurround,
When firſt I claſp'd her body cloſe to mine!
'Twas more than rapture all, 'twas all divine!

Such

Such joys I knew, as words want power to tell;
Joys, which the feeble reach of thought excell.
My ſoul ſurpriz'd at that exceſs of joy,
(Still ever pleaſing, and could never cloy)
Unable to ſuſtain it, wing'd away,
Whilſt all intranc'd and extacy'd I lay.

This lovely fountain of tranſport is tall and fair, melting and generous, with light hair, and light and ſparkling eyes. She indeed knows her value, and expects no leſs than three guineas and a ſupper; for ſhe is averſe to ſhort ſkirmiſhes, and nothing but a whole night's engagement will pleaſe her. She was born in Edinburgh, and was daughter to a bookſeller, who married her at ſixteen to a young printer; as he perceived, though very young, ſhe was *ready* for the *preſs*, and wanted ſome one to open the *leaves* of her *duodecimo*. Her mother alſo was of opinion, that ſhe had better *ſmart* than *itch*. But whether her huſband did not make a proper *impreſſion*; or whether ſhe thought him too religious, and whilſt he conſtantly ſaid a long *grace* before *meat*, and as long a *thankſgiving* after every delicious *meal* 'till his food grew cold; ſhe left him about twelve months ſince, and came up

to London with a young officer. But he was ſoon appointed to another regiment, through national intereſt, and left Moggy to ſhift for herſelf. She knew ſhe was lovely; and felt ſhe was loving; and tho' ſhe had quitted the printer's *balls* and *friſket*, ſhe had no doubt but ſhe ſhould find as good. She had ſaved ſome money, had good cloaths, and made a reſpectable appearance. She aſſumed the name ſhe now bears, was noticed by ſome men of conſequence, and has now ſufficient employment.

Miſs Polly Sm—th, No. 12, *Little-Portland-ſtreet, Soho.*

Bleſſings when cheap, or certain, we deſpiſe,
From ſure poſſeſſion what deſire can riſe?
Love, like ambition, dies as 'tis enjoy'd
y doubt provok'd, by certainty deſtroy'd.

Convinced of the truth of this maxim, Polly reſolves, if the bleſſings ſhe diſpenſes are *certain*, at leaſt they ſhall not be *cheap*. Her demands always riſes in proportion to the ſeeming height of deſire in her lover. From indifference ſhe will accept of a ſingle guinea; but from eagerneſs,

eagerneſs, and heated imagination, ſhe will (if ſhe can) exact five. She is truly worth money, ſhe knows it, and is prudent enough to know, that the harveſt of pleaſure cannot laſt long; and the time will come, when the gold-finches will fly paſt her ground, and none but boobies, noddies, and old carrion crows, will neſtle in her buſh. Thence ſhe gets all ſhe can, and keeps what ſhe gets; and though but juſt turned of nineteen, has already got the appellation of *ſtingy* Polly, from her leſs prudent ſiſterhood. She is a very lovely girl, dark haired, fine teeth, dark complexion, a good tall figure, agreeable converſation, and perfectly amiable.

Miſs W—nt---r, No. 17, *Union-ſtreet.*

" Forbidding me to follow ſhe invites me;
" This is the mould of which I made the ſex,
" I gave them but one tongue to ſay us nay,
" And two kind eyes to grant."

Here we can preſent our reader with as ſweet a man's woman as ever the bountiful hand of Nature formed. A pair

pair of fine dark eyes that dart reſiſtleſs fire, that ſpeak a language frozen hearts might thaw, and ſtand as a ſweet index to the ſoul; a pair of ſweet pouting lips that demand the burning kiſs, and never receives it without paying with intereſt; a complexion that would charm the eye of an anchorite; a ſkin ſmooth as monumental alabaſter, and white as Alpian ſnow, and hair, that ſo beautifully contraſt the ſkin, that nought but nature can equal. Deſcend a little lower and behold the ſemi ſnow-balls,

" Studded with roſe buds, and ſtreak'd with
" celeſtial blue;"

That want not the ſupport of ſtays; whoſe truly elaſtic ſtate never ſuffers the preſſure, however ſevere, to remain, but boldly recovers its tempting ſmoothneſs. Next take a view of Nature centrally; no folding lappel, no gaping orifice, no horrid gulph is here, but the loving lips tenderly kiſs each other, and ſhelter from cold a ſmall but eaſily ſtretch'd paſſage, whoſe depth none but the blind boy has liberty to fathom: between the tempting lips the coral headed tip ſtands centinel, ſheltered by a raven-coloured buſh, and

for

for one guinea conducts his well-erected friend ſafe into port.

Miſs D—lt—n, No. 14, *John Street, Oxford Street.*

Pleaſure wantons in thy arms,
And revels o'er thy num'rous charms;
O'er thy cheeks of roſey bloom;
O'er thy lips that breathe perfume;
O'er thine eyes ſo ſweetly bright,
Darting ſoft expreſſive light.

This agreeable votary of Venus is juſt in the genial age for ripened joy, being about one and twenty, with a perſon

Fair as the ſnow-drop of young ſpring,
And blooming as June's brighteſt roſe.

She has a pair of fine grey eyes, which dart with irreſiſtible ſoftneſs, the effuſions of a fancy exquiſitely turned to every amorous ſenſation, and expreſs ſuch a height of feeling in the wiſhful look as can only be felt by an inamorato as full of love-fraught ſenſibility as herſelf. Her teeth are good; ſhe has light hair; and her breaſts may defy the niceſt pen

to

to paint their beautiful proportion, or unconquerable elaſticity, with ſuch a whiteneſs as even modeſty herſelf would bluſh to look at. She is of a moderate ſtature, not too ungainly tall, nor yet too low; and her temper ſeems to be a remarkably good one. A favourite gentleman viſits her, whom it is imagined ſhe keeps from the emoluments of her other viſitors. The regions of the Elyſian Bower are well tufted with the fringe of Nature, and no ſportſman will think a guinea an object for the liberty of ſporting in *ſuch* a manor, and diſcharging his piece in ſo delectable a ſpot.

Miſs W—nd—m, No. 40, *Queen Ann-ſtreet, Eaſt.*

Her pouting lips do breathe ambroſial ſweets,
And ſweeteſt balm diſtil when yours it meets;
Her ſwelling breaſts lie open to the gale,
And teach the lily whiteneſs in the vale;
On Venus' mount the wanton graces ſkip,
And cull luxuriant ſweets from either lip.

This luſcious looking laſs formerly acted as lady's maid in a very creditable family, but that wonderful reflecting mirror

mirror, the looking-glaſs, the *noſce te ipſum* with the women, was every morning and evening very buſy in painting to our charmer the value of thoſe perſonal qualifications *Nature* had ſo laviſhly beſtowed upon her. This mother of all *things* had likewiſe been very buſy with the *mother of all ſaints*, and night-working Fancy, dictated with ſuch power and energy the grand uſe of that then *hot-bed of Nature*, that ſhe did not want a ſecond invitation from the roſy butler to taſte the wonderful Tree of Life. This trade was carried on in ſo publick a manner, that it ſoon reached the ears of her miſtreſs, who gave her warning, and preſented to the world a ſweet complexioned girl, with blue ſpeaking eyes; fine teeth; pouting lips, that are always particularly employed on certain occaſions, juſt leaving room for the velvet tip to dart its magic influence, and increaſe if poſſible the raptures the Tree of Life ſheds in the moſt fertile field of bliſs. Her temper and diſpoſition correſpond with her perſonal perfections, and her abilities under cover exceed, if poſſible both.

She

She is about twenty-three years of age—her ſtature is tall, and ſhe may be really called a fine woman; after which it is almoſt needleſs to remark that ſhe cannot but be deſerving a handſome compliment.

Miſs Ch——s, No. 16, *Union Street.*

Fatally fair ſhe is, and in her ſmiles
The Graces, little Love's, and young Deſires inhabit,
And all that gaze upon them are undone.

This is certainly a fact, and the charms of Betſey are enough to undo any man; neither is ſhe leſs ſkilled in the art of *doing* than in that of *undoing*; ſhe does her ſupine exerciſe with the greateſt judgment, fond of cloſe attacks, always preferring buſh-fighting to any other, and not one of her comrades in the whole corps is more exact in firing a volley, or renews their charge with more agility; her piece is adapted to any ramrod; ſhe can enlarge it if too ſmall, and with more dexterity reduce the ſize if too large; ſhe has fine light brown hair, ſparkling blue eyes, a beautiful neck, which ſhe takes

takes no ſmall pains in expoſing, a good complexion, which ſhe does not ſeem to be indebted to art for at all; her temper and diſpoſition are fluctuating; if her man pleaſes her, ſhe generally contrives to pleaſe him, and if one guinea could keep her in a good humour, no perſon, ſurely would refuſe it.

Her age is about twenty-five.

Miſs C—rr, No. 4, *Union Street.*

Oft will ſhe cry,
Oh cruel! fye!
Oft weeping ſay, forbear:
Oft ſhall her hand
Your —— command,
And put it you know where.

This true emblem of luſcious love has not trod the common path above two twelve months. A young gentleman of good fortune bore away the lovely prize from *Norwich*, and, after revelling in luxurious luſt for three months, left the dejected fair to depend for ſupport on what Dame Fortune ſhould throw in her way. Bleſſed with a ſweet diſpoſition, armed with an irreſiſtible eye, that is ſhaded by as beautiful a bow as Iris

ever formed; good teeth and rosy complexion, bordered by the delicate whiteness of a lily; remarkably good tempered, and just past the twenty first summer, she cannot fail meeting with a number of admirers, which hitherto she has been very choice of, preferring pleasure to profit; at the same time not entirely throwing aside the latter. She expects two guineas, if only a single one, she is happy to pocket the affront.

Mrs. B—nf—n, *alias* L—ve, No. 3, *Goodge Street.*

What, Madam, never sober? Jamais, Jamais, Jamais!---Damme.

This lady, with a very affected Frenchified refinement and delicacy, is continually by her actions contradicting what she would fain be thought, by proving herself to be a very Bacchant, unfit even for Comus's train, as she is almost continually in a state of intoxication, and will run any length, and submit to any thing rather than be deprived of the *good creature*; in her moments of inebriety

briety ſhe talks as long as ſhe *can*, and her whole diſcourſe is to ſhew the *noble ſentiments*, and refined education ſhe is poſſeſſed of. She is about two and twenty, of a fair complexion, full breaſted, light hair, blue eyes, and good teeth. She is in ſtatue, ſhort and fat, and rather fond of low company.

Mrs. Br—wn, No. 3, *Princes Street, Leiceſter Fields.*

——— Oh! ſhe is
The lovely chance work maſter piece of Nature,
That bluſh'd to ſee what her own hands had done
As if, miſtaking moulds, ſhe, unconcern'd,
Had caſt ——— in a form divine.

If theſe lines ever were applicable to a human being, Mrs. B——— can certainly lay claim to them. She was *unvirgined* at Norwich by an officer, who ſoon after was called away on duty, and nought but the great metropolis could then ſuffice this beautiful piece of untutored innocence. To deſcribe her whole perſon as it preſents itſelf bids defiance to the moſt unbounded ſtretch of the moſt fertile fancy;

And if imagination fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah! what ſhall language do? Ah! how find words
Ting'd with ſo many colours?

No bloom but Nature's ever deck'd her cheek—a bloom that Art, dreſſed in its moſt finiſhed ſtate, might bluſh to look at—blended with lilies which Nature calls her own. Her forehead bears the exacteſt medium; and, influenced by her temper, never knows a wrinkle. But no feature ſeems ſo expreſſible as her eye, ſparkling in a pool of living chryſtal, which never aſks a ſecond glance to ſecure the heart of a frozen anchorite; where the deſire of pleaſing is ſo luxuriouſly ſtamped that even anticipation is a heaven: but the look, the touch, the ſweet reſiſting touch, the inviting ſwelling part of the breaſts, ſoon calls for the gratification of ſome other ſenſe, in the execution of which, on her part, ſhe has ſome peculiarities. No ſooner is the ſwelling engine introduced to quench the amorous fire, but her wanton tricks begin, and ſhe will, if poſſible, keep him in that well formed ſtate for two hours; fond of *dying*, yet never wiſhing for *death*. The twining of limbs, and the ſilent language of the tongue, is never forgot; and although ſhe is ſo well ſkilled in the art of prolonging pleaſure, the impetuous

fier

fire of youth, brought to such an extacy by the antitaste of her personal charms, often very quickly dissolve, and disappoint the amourous fair; but if disappointed still she is not foiled. If manual friction from a hand of lilied softness; if burning kisses, imprinted by lips fraught with nectarious balm, and the most alluring softness; if the fragrance of a breath, sweet as sucking infancy, if all these united can reanimate the fallen victim, fresh life must soon follow. Thus are you obliged to spend the whole night in amourous rapture. *Somnus* and *Venus* never met together on her couch: and so noble is her disposition, so generous her heart, and so truly free her mind, that money is the least of her thoughts, and she has been often known to refuse when her circumstances strongly demanded the acceptance.

Miss R—ss—ll, No. 1, *Glanville Street.*

Shall woman, form'd to mould the heart at will,
Degrade herself below the bestial herd;
Or so with words distort her outward form
That ev'ry glance, sudden as nitrous blaze,
Shall hatred stamp, and kill the name of woman?

We are sorry to say that the ill temper of this

this lady in a degree juſtifies the above motto, being affixed to her character. Nevertheleſs, if ſuch a pair of ſemi globes that paint maturity in its fulleſt bloſſoms; if ſuch a ſkin as would make the night-born ſnow bluſh; if ſuch a bloom as would bid the damaſk roſe look pale, united with the activity and ſprightlineſs of two and twenty, can afford pleaſure; if well-formed limbs, if a port ſo nobly armed as would bid defiance to any attack, and though its antagoniſt ſtands ſtiff and true to its point, is ſure to make him with mutual ſatisfaction ſhrink from it; if all theſe charms combined can ſerve for temporary enjoyment here you are ſure to meet it; but huſh! no more, let every charm ſilently awake the ſenſe; and pray, my ſweet loquacious girl, be mute; my fair amazonian beauty, be ſtill; nor let thoſe martial arms ſo often unrivet that affection your perſonal charms are ſure to gain. Whilſt her temper remains undiſturbed by the too volatile effects of the grape, ſhe might with ſome degree of propriety be ſtiled a good-natured girl. A ſingle fire through the buſhes half a guinea will purchaſe, but a twelve hours encounter under cover will amount to double the ſum.

ſum. She is tall and luſty, has good teeth, with a pair of fine blue eyes.

Mrs. Fr—d—r—ck, N°. 20, *Carliſle-ſtreet, Soho.*

Now quick deſire hath caught her yielding prey,
And, glutton like, ſhe *feeds* yet never *filleth*;
Her lips are conquerors; his lips obey,
Paying what ranſom the *inſulter* willeth;
Whoſe vulture thought doth pitch the prize ſo high,
That ſhe will draw his ——*rich treaſure dry.*

As we are to have a commercial treaty with France, it may not be wondered at, ſhould we alſo have too great a partiality for French manners and faſhions, which the lady in queſtion too much affects, but whether in compliment to her own country, or that of her profeſſed admirers, we cannot tell; baring this frippery, ſhe is an agreeable companion for a ſportive night, and will play her *part* very well, when once heartily *engaged*; ſhe feeds like a glutton on the *delicious morſel*, and when the *vivid tube* is rendered *inanimate*, ſhe never fails to *animate* it again with new life and vigor: if the burning breath of *unſateddeſire*, the cooing

ing murmers and ſoul thrilling kiſs can do it. She is tall in ſtature, very genteel, fine light hair and eyes, good teeth, and in the prime of life, ſome where near about, tho' not exceeding thirty. She is a very ſhowey woman, and is rather remarkable in having a fine Roman noſe. A brace of King's pictures is her uſual expectancy; but ſhe cares not whether they are French or Engliſh, or one of each of their majeſty's ſo they are but golden ones.

Miſs C—rt—s, No. 81, *Queen Ann Street, Eaſt.*

What pleaſes one man will not ſo another,
This fancies one laſs, and that's fond of t'other.

Something or other attracting is always ſure to be found in every Woman of Pleaſure: in ſome it is the ſparkling fire, or the liquid gleam of the love ſpeaking eye, in ſome the bewitching ſmile, or the pouting richneſs of the dimpled lip; in ſome, the whiteneſs of a boſom, ſhort breathing with delight, or the inviting ſoftneſs of Nature's ſemiglobes; whilſt in others, it is the wan-

ton

ton treſſes of their fine flowing hair, curling in amorous ringlets around their necks; or to be more voluptuous, the luxuriancy of the *grove* beneath, and the redundant growth of hair which ſo agreeably adorn and defend the pleaſing *Mount of Venus* from the rude ſhocks of impetuous invaſion, and which twining round the *ruby portals* of *Cupid's grotto*, forms a delightful bed for the *root* of the *tree of life*, or the tempting invigorating *feel* of a ſoft, plump, ſwelling thigh. Which of theſe attractions draws this lady her admirers, we cannot pretend to ſay; but this we are certain of, that it cannot be all of them united. She is rather ſhort, rather agreeable, and rather good-natured — when pleaſed; about twenty-two years of age, of a fair complexion, dark eyes, good teeth, and not in keeping, but lived lately with a Mr. D——, of the Temple; ſhe ſings, and is a very agreeable converſation-piece when ſhe pleaſes. Whoever has a ſuperfluous three or four guineas in his pocket, and is diſpoſed to lay them out here, will meet a very cordial reception. N. B. She keeps the houſe.

Mrs. Sm—th, No. 16, *Union Street.*

O deeper luſt than bottomleſs conceit
Can comprehend in ſtill imagination;
Drunken deſire muſt vomit his receit,
E'er he can ſee his own abomination.

Whoever has an appetite to a piece of ſenſuality, as ſenſual as his heart can wiſh, let him repair to this Lady's ſtandard, in the attick ſtory. For any other charms than that of perſon, ſhe has no pretenſions to, being of a very indifferent temper, inſolent, and lewd to a degree; inſomuch that her common converſation is diſguſting to any man of the leaſt refinement in his pleaſures. She has a fair complexion, long noſe, middling aged, and the ſmall pox has left a number of unpleaſing dells in a face otherwiſe not a very agreeable one. Her eyes and hair are rather light, and ſhe has good teeth. Her propenſity to the ſport is ſuch as to induce her to be moſt wantonly inconſtant, for on any terms ſhe will run all lengths, minding no riſque to get a freſh morſel of *raw fleſh*, which ſhe devours with the greedineſs of a glutton. Her price is juſt whatever you chooſe to preſent her with.

Mrs.

Mrs. M—rſh—ll, at Mrs. St—pl—t—n's,
Margaret Street, Cavendiſh Square.

Ye votaries of Venus hither come;
Come ye voluptuous to this bliſsful Feaſt;
Here taſte the ſwelling bowl of poignant joy;
Here crown your revels, here your wiſhes crown;
Here quench your amorous flame in Pleaſure's lap,
Unbind her Cæſtus, and diſſolve in Love.

This truly agreeable girl has every charm that can feaſt the ſenſe of the niceſt voluptuary, and warm an anchorite with deſires which Nature never meant to paſs ungratified; her countenance is beautifully open and engaging, expreſſively featured, and a bloom ſurpaſſing every thing but what is beſtowed by Nature on the choiceſt amongſt the faireſt of creation, beyond the livelieſt tints which unfold their beauties to the ſun of all her vegetable tribe; and above, far above the delicate ſtrokes of a Guido, the glowing colouring of a Titian, or the breathing ſoul-ſpeaking language of a Thompſon. Her ſtature is above mediocrity, being tall and luſty, but ſo finely formed and well proportioned, that every limb, taken either ſeparately or together, diſplay a ſymmetry equalled by few; ſo that

that all true votaries, would do well to visit this living Venus, warm with the genial current of vigorous health, and rich with the generous vitality of full blown youth, only twenty-two, to press her balmy lip, where nectar ever hangs; to gratify the taste of thirst itself; to mix their eager limbs with hers, and catch the burning glow of amorous feeling, in all the twinings of luxuriant love —till fired by the maddening transport of unutterable sensation—they hasten to the joy: then her spreading thighs divide to receive the *tumid gueſt*, and present to his exquisite touch two lovely pouting *portals*, which tenderly meet, and seem to kiss each other, and unite to keep out the cold, and shelter the delicate structure of the internal part of the *mansion* from injury—But at the powerful touch of this welcome visitant, they unfold as to their rightful lord, and invest him with all the powers belonging to the place, which *shower* down all its treasures. After being *entered* sometime into the *Cyprian cabinet*, in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the building, the delight this occasions, can only be *felt*, as no language can describe such extasy.

For

——For who can paint like Nature.

The *grove* however round it, we *can* ſpeak of, is one of the beſt ever ſported in by the *Wanton Boy*, and the *moſs-crowned mount above*, might well be calſed *Mount Pleaſant*, an excellent *Field* to *Graze Inn*, which your *nag* might have the liberty of grazing in a whole night for two guineas. She has fine dark eyes and hair, very good teeth, and a fine complexion.

Miſs M—rſh—ll, No. 44, *Mortimer Street, Cavendiſh Square.*

Here native elegance was made to dwell,
With Beauty ſeated in her roſy lap,
Mingling their ſweets with ſuch a taſteful hand,
That full-blown art grows pallid at the ſight,
Such then her parts expoſed—her *hidden gifts*
Claim juſt pre-eminence—ſince void of theſe
Superior ſenſe ungratified remains.

This blooming actreſs, whoſe beauty and elegance ſo juſtly correſpond with her taſte, has been initiated on the ſtage of Love only nine months, her hiſtory we are not fully acquainted with, but

from the knowledge we have of her preſent connections, we imagine ſhe muſt have received a genteel education. Some little time back ſhe was to be met with at almoſt every public place of entertainment, and was indeed, a ſort of fixture at a noted houſe of intrigue in Margaret Street, at this time, ſhe never ſtoops below the polite man, or the man of faſhion: amongſt her then numerous votaries, Mr. H—y ſeemed to ſhew her the greateſt partiality, nor did her affection from him ſeem leſs; he grew at length tired of her, and we preſume ſhe of him. She is an excellent good companion, although of rather a hot temper; ſinging appears her delight, in which ſhe does not want ability; but in her offerings of love ſhe indulges her wanton appetite to its utmoſt ſcope, nor *feels* ſatiety ſo ſoon as many of the ſiſterhood: her willing paramour will ever find her arms open to receive the repeated embrace, and whilſt he retains the power of giving pleaſure, ſhe is ſure to poſſeſs the ſame in return.

Preſſing with burning lips the quick return,
Or, with enraptured folds freſh bliſs invite.

Her

Her perſon and figure is remarkably elegant, a good complexion, and lively hazle dark auburn hair, good teeth, and but nineteen years of age. If you have two or three guineas to ſpare you may be always ſure of a moſt agreeable companion in this lady.

Miſs T—pp, No. 31, *Tottenham Street, Tottenham Court Road.*

——Each female ſaint he does adviſe,
With groans, and hum's, and ha's, and gog-
gling eyes,
To rub him down, and make the ſpirit riſe:
While, with his zeal tranſported, from the
ground
He mounts, and ſanctifies the ſiſter's round.

This demure lady is a conſtant frequenter of the Tabernacle, though not entered into the *ſociety*. Her perſon is charming, her garb plain and modeſt, her carriage exemplary, and her converſation religiouſly rapturous. Yet ſhe is never averſe to aſſiſt the brethren to humble the *luſts of the fleſh*, and for a guinea, will enable any of the congre-

gation

gation to go home quite *cool*. Experience hath taught her the evil consequences of congregating with sinners; thence she took the laudable resolution of ministering to the wants of the *saints*; to some of the preachers of whom she is said to have lent her *pulpit*, in which they have shewn themselves *laborious* men, who could *melt* her, and penetrate into the interior recesses of her fleshy Tabernacle; lifting up the *veil* thereof, and inducing devout raptures. There is indeed one advantage in a connection with Miss T—pp, that it is sure to be kept secret; and it is only from some of her lovers, who have broken from the society of the faithful, that we have learned these particulars. She is in the practice (occasionally) of a mantua maker, is rather of a low statue, very pretty and quite agreeable, has fine dark hair and eyes, good teeth, and in about her nineteenth year.

The two Miss Ed——d's, N°. 16 *Union Street*.

Treat a woman young in age, and not old

old in sin, as a *felon*, her sense of shame will soon be extinguished; she will be tempted to look upon herself as the outcast of society, she will continue to sin without controul; her heart will be petrified, she will grow indifferent to all events, caring not how soon, or in what manner, she leaves a world where she finds so little mercy, and such unrelenting severity against her.

We know the above observation to be fully verified in these two sisters, who were, by the iron hand of Misfortune, forced, in a manner, to commence prostitutes, when they were mild, sober, and honest; but having been several times seized by the Nocturnal Guardians, and as often delivered over to durance vile, by the daily *distributors of Justice*; they are become the very reverse of what they once were.

Miss B—ch---m, No. 7, *London-street, Middlesex Hospital.*

Here now is a blooming piece in only her eighteenth year; she has received a good education, having lately come from a boarding-

a boarding-ſchool, and ſhews herſelf quite the accompliſhed, well-bred girl, of a ſweet, affable diſpoſition, and one whoſe manners and converſation make her an excellent companion, and has procured her many valuable acquaintance: independent of her converſible abilities, we are informed her proficiency in the trade of love is not leſs commendable, and ever wiſhing to preſerve the honour of the female flag untarniſhed, ſhe never takes a *thing* in *hand*, let her *undertaking* be ever ſo great, but her antagoniſt is ſure to *ſhrink* from his purpoſe; but her amicable diſpoſition is ſuch, and ſhe is ſo conſcious of her abilities as a counſellor, that unleſs ſhe is fee'd with a ſum ſuperior to four pounds, although ſhe wiſhes the *cauſe* to be pleaded in court a ſecond time, ſhe will not ſuffer it to be brought on till the fee is paid.

Her keeper is a gentleman reſident in Berner-ſtreet, and we are credibly informed, he was the means of introducing her into life, not above ſix months ſince, by recommending a ſudden elopement from her boarding-ſchool; which ſhe was not much averſe to.

She is tall, genteel, and very pretty, with dark hair and eyes.

Miſs

Miſs G—rd—n, N°. 4, *Union Street*, *near the Middleſex Hoſpital.*

Is the ſacrifice made fit,
Puſh him forward to the pit,
Puſh the ſtanding victim on,
And when the noble deed is done,
Draw the bull of Venus out,
And ſtroke him up for t'other bout.

This ſprightly prieſteſs of Venus has been initiated but a ſhort time in the myſteries of the Goddeſs; we judge her to be about eighteen, of a fair complexion, rather ſlim, light brown hair and eye-brows, which are remarkably fine, with ſuch a pair of ſparkling eyes, as would foil the diamond of its luſtre, and do more execution than a thouſand officers of juſtice at the *home ſtroke*; they are remarkably brilliant in their water, and ſhed ſuch rays of delight as pierce the ſoul of the dying gazer, and melt him down to the genial tranſport; her breaſts are well formed (though rather ſmall) to contribute to the joy, and will ſwell with emulation to rival the fulleſt pair in the amorous conflict. She is actively wanton

wanton in awaking or heightening every pleaſure her *temple* affords, and though *backward* in *receiving* the *offerings*, yet loves to receive the *good things ſecretly* and in the *fulleſt* manner, for which her *ſanctum ſanctorum* is admirably adapted. Her temper is not to be found fault with, ſo very good natured indeed, as never to refuſe a guinea oblation from any of her ſacrificers, that is, if ſhe is convinced they cannot afford her two.

Miſs Br—wn, No. 2, *Little Chapel Street.*

" Beware the magic of her eyes,
" For there the artful Cupid lies.

This young lady has not been above two years a convert to her preſent profeſſion, and is ſaid to have received her firſt inſtructions from a near relation, who is ſince gone to Ireland, of which country he is a native. She is about eighteen, ſhort and thick, has red hair and light eyes, good teeth, fair ſkin, pretty face and blooming cheeks. She is very fond of ſinging, and has a good voice, is very earneſt in her purſuit after

after the ſport, and dreſſes very gay. One thing is greatly againſt her, and may poſſibly reduce her ſooner than ſhe may imagine, that is, ſhe is too fond of a glaſs of ſtrong water. Her expectations are very moderate.

Miſs B—rer—ft, No. 16, *New Compton Street.*

Were I the lord o'er this terraqueous globe,
I'd give the whole for one luxurious night,—
Enfolded in thy arms; nor envy Kings,
Their royal fairs; for in thy looks,
Such heav'nly beauty, with ſuch goodneſs dwells,
That every charm, an angel can command,
Summ'd up in thee—at once ſalute the heart.

A young ſouncellor is ſuppoſed to be the keeper of this ſmart little prattler, though it is well known, that in her court there are many beſides the counſellor ſuffered to plead; her court might be termed the court of *Common Pleaſe*, although no Writs of Error are allowed; every member pays his fee in the ſame kind of coin, no coin but one being current there. It is well known, this lady

lady has two particular friends, beſides the counſellor; and ſo well does ſhe contrive matters, that each in ſucceſſion enjoys the lovely fair, and thinks her all his own; ſhe ſings a good ſong, plays the piano forte with grace and judgment, and is an accompliſhed dancer: Is now in her eighteenth year, not very ſhort, nor yet *very* fat, neither is ſhe *very* pretty but has a *very* fair complexion, *very* fine eyes, and *very* fair hair, and is of a *very* pleaſing and *very* good temper. She is alſo *very* new on the town, being only of three months ſtanding; whoever wiſhes to ſee this very deſirable girl muſt behave themſelves in a *very* polite manner, after which kind of treatment ſhe has *very* little objections to meet you at any proper houſe of aſſignation, where, with a *gou* peculiar to herſelf, ſhe will give you ſuch a treat of voluptuous enjoyment, ſuch a feaſt of amorous delight, that you ſhall ſay with pleaſure, in the words of a celebrated Poet.

Ungrateful Time to chaſe away the night,
Did with his ſcythe make pinions for his feet.

Miſs

Miſs R—h M—rc—r, No. 9, *Holland Street.*

Ralpho was mounted now, and gotten,
O'erthwart his breaſt, with active vaulting;
Wriggling his body to recover,
His ſeat, and caſt his right leg over.

This perſon generally goes by the name of my lady, not from any natural deformity of body, or any nobility of blood that runs in her veins, but a nick-name which was given to her in her youthful days, from her extravagance of dreſs, which however at preſent is much reduced, indeed of late ſhe has procured an addition to her title, which was that of "light finger," for the propriety of which we muſt refer to a certain Mercer in Cranbourn alley, whoſe coſt and trouble in proving her ladyſhip's title, no doubt he will never forget. An exceſs of exerciſe in her line, has not a little impaired her perſon, tho' ſhe has yet ſomething agreeable about her, before ſhe has conſulted the bottle too much, for when inebriated, her temper is moſt turbulent; and ſhe has paſſions which outſtrip the wind. She is of the larger ſize both in regard to height and corpulence;

fence; has black hair and eyes, ſpeaks gruff, is very amorous, and very moderate in her demands. Her age is about twenty ſix, and her favorite is as noted as any *Horſeman* whatever.

Miſs Kitty P——t, No. 4, *Union Street, Middleſex Hoſpital.*

Within each others arms let's ſink to reſt;
Thy eyes ſhall make my days ſerene and bright;
Thy arms, thus clinging round me, bleſs the night.

As pride is repreſented to have been the fall of many a one in former days, ſo in humble imitation of her anceſtors, it has not a little facilitated to bring this lady to her preſent employment; her parents uſed to dreſs her up in a higher ſtile than her expectations could by any means entitle her to, which ſoon got the aſcendency over her morals, ſo that as ſhe grew up ſhe determined rather than not to keep up her uſual gaiety, ſhe would ſuffer proſtitution. Within theſe few weeks, ſhe has been what perhaps has tended to facilitate her otherwiſe natural inclination.—

Viz.

Viz. a gallant lady's maid, as they are now termed by the ſiſterhood. She lodges very genteel, ſees a deal of company, and dreſſes neat and decently; her face is but homely, yet by the aſſiſtance of art ſhe looks pretty well by candle light. She is thick and of low ſtature, good ſhape, eaſy carriage, and full of chat, tho' of but weak intellects; her hair is light colour, as is alſo her eyes. She is about eighteen, *has* a good ſkin, and an even pretty ſet of teeth. Her price is as much as you pleaſe above one pound one.

Miſs Y—ng, No. 5, *Chapel Street.*

"Coy and Covetous."

This lady's father was a native of Bologne in France, and came over to England ſome years ago, where he died; ſhe is however perfectly Engliſh in her language and manners; and tho' rampant in her deſires, puts on a particular coyneſs, in order to make her admirers the more eager. She is very covetous of money, and generally has

a good price for her favours, one way or other, (a word to the wife.) She is in ſtature, ſhort and thick, her face has ſomething pretty in it, tho' her features are very ſmall, her hair is a light brown, her eyes grey, her teeth indifferent, and breath offenſive, but ſhe has a good ſkin, and is not more than five and twenty.

Miſs Cl—k, No. 34, *Union Street.*

Is a lady, who ſeems to poſſeſs a very great inclination for the myſteries of the Cyprian deity, ſhe hath been for ſometime a devout worſhipper to the great grief of her mother, who took no ſmall pains to inſtil into her the principles of religion and virtue; her father has been dead ſometime, whoſe incontinency to the marriage bed may account in ſome meaſure for the vicious inclinations of the daughter, he having ruined his wife and conſtitution by his propenſity to the ſport of Venus; from which we uſe the old motto with ſome degree of juſtice, "What is bred in the bone will never "come out of the fleſh." She is not handſome,

handſome, rather ordinary features, a little pitted with the ſmall pox, light hair and grey eyes, and in fact has no great recommendation, but her youth.

Miſs M—y Ann M—ck—y, at Mr. R—s, a Shoemaker in *Oxford Street*.

Well pleas'd at the *frolic*, ſhe laugh'd at the pain,
And wiſh'd with more ardor to try it again;
Which when handled and dandled, and made fit for uſe,
She puſh'd with leſs pain as the parts were more looſe;
Then *upping* and *downing*, kind nature told how,
She cry'd, over-raptur'd, it does not hurt now.

This little ſlim laſs is daughter of a late under gardener to the Duke of N———d, and was the darling of her parents, who brought her up in the utmoſt pride imaginable, although they knew they had not a penny to give her, as beſides her they had ſeveral other children. At about ſeventeen ſhe eloped with the niece of a perſon in the neighbourhood, and took lodgings near Dean-ſtreet, Soho, where they were both traced by their relations, who took

them home again, and confined them for ſome time, but no ſooner had they got their liberty but they eloped again, and ſoon became profeſſed courtezans. The companion of Miſs M———y ſoon caught the ſmall-pox and died, but Miſs Mary Ann purſued her way in the path of Venus, being for a while as gay a lady as any about the Town, but is now reduced to traffic in a more retired manner. She is rather ſhort, and a little out in one ſhoulder, has dark hair and fine black eyes, a dark ſkin, and ſomewhat pitted with the ſmall pox. Her age is about twenty ſix, and ſhe is not extravagant in her demands.

Mrs. D—x—n, No. 9, *Holland Street.*

Thus our chief joys with moſt alloys are curſt,
And our beſt things, when once corrupted worſt.

As this lady has received favours from an officer in the navy, we ſhall deſcribe her in the marine ſtile. She is an old ſhip in the ſervice, and has been cruiſing for ſeveral years, but is very little damaged, and is reckoned a prime

prime ſailor, notwithſtanding ſhe has had many a broadſide poured in upon her; and tho' ſhe has been attack'd fore and aft, has always eſcaped being totally fired; altho' now and then a little burnt in the midſhips, ſhe has been often boarded, and has but ſeldom ſprung a leak: She is reckoned to carry a fine bowſprit, and is near ſix feet from head to ſtern. Some think ſhe carries her main-top-ſail too high, her rigging ſome months ago was very much ſhattered, but was refitted at the expence of Capt. ———, And notwithſtanding ſhe is in the Engliſh ſervice, ſometimes wears foreign flags: being fond of putting in among the African ports, vulgarly call'd the black hops: She will ſail with any one into the harbour of pleaſure for the price of what ſhe can bargain for.

Miſs N—wt—n, No. 22, *New Compton Street, St. Giles's.*

The diſtinction of this lady's ſex is ſaid to be ſomewhat equivocal; but, as to our knowledge, ſhe carries on a buſy trade. We ſhall content ourſelves

in conſidering her a woman *only*, as then we preſume and hope we ſhall be right. Her dependence is almoſt entirely on *elderly viſitors*, who are at *moſt* times *moſt* acceptable to the ſiſterhood, for her appearance would procure her very little cuſtom, from what the ladies call the *pad*, as ſhe might very reaſonably be taken for what is called an old maid, for from the general ſtile of her dreſs, ſhe only ſtands in need of a ruff, to realize the repreſentation of the print of Peter Paul Rubens's wife; yet her dreſs is always neat, and ſhe keeps her ſkin remarkable clean; her features are homely, and ſhe has a very dead eye; but from her extenſive knowledge and practice in the Metaphyſical Doctrine of *Venus's Tactics*, ſhe reduces every thing to *logical certainty*, and preſerves an excellent name among thoſe gentry whom the celebrated mother Mitchel calls *rum codger's*. She is about twenty four, ſhort in ſtature, and a fair complexion.

Miſs Mo---re, at Mrs. W—ds—rs.
King's Place.

Whate'er the man of pleaſure would command
Wherein a miſtreſs bleſs'd with every charm

May ſhew her fondneſs, and make known her love,
And then with kind embracements, tempting
kiſſes,
Sink her declining head into his boſom,
And aſk with ſilent words—*a woman's gift*,
Which, being cloſe conveyed beneath her ſhift
And harbour'd in the *port* of full delight,
She'll pour profuſely all her *liquid ſtore*.

Thoſe who have luſcious palates, will not here be diſappointed, for this is a very vivacious agreeable girl, with all the vivid fire of untamed youth ſhooting through her veins, and electrifying not only her whole frame, but the coldeſt and moſt non-electric body that can come in contact with her; the ſhock however, is ſo poignantly rapturous, that he who has once bathed in her *Elyſian fountain*, would wiſh to repeat the luxuriant *lave*, and gratify every ſenſe with unutterable bliſs. Her eyes are of a beautiful ſparkling blue, and beam a torrent of light at every potent glance. She has good teeth; her breaſts are in the fulleſt proportion, and will rebound with the moſt grateful ardor to the hand's ſoft preſſure. For ſuch a girl, ſure a couple of guineas is the mereſt trifle to a man of pleaſure.

Mrs.

Mrs. H---pk---ns, No 11, *Little Caſtle Yard, Holborn.*

Not Cæſar's empreſs would ſhe deign to prove;
No: make her miſtreſs to the man ſhe loves,
Love, free as air, at ſight of human ties,
Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies;
Let wealth, let honour wait the wedded dame,
Auguſt her deed, and ſacred be her fame:
Before ſtrong paſſion all thoſe views remove,
Fame, Wealth, and Honour, what are ye to Love?

An agreeable nymph in all the bloom of womanhood, cannot fail of pleaſing the moſt difficult, and of warming even conſtitutional coldneſs into genial pleaſure. Such then is Mrs H---, and ſuch ſhe is, that every young deſire might here be nurſed to tranſport, for never was a richer bed for them to revel in, than the ſwelling ſoftneſs of her downy body; her breaſts filled with the milky tubes of nature, and warm with the vital current of each purple vein, riſe into two ſuch ſemiglobes that the happy poſſeſſor of their world of ſweets, need not envy a Cæſar the more capacious earthly globe; for how ſuperior is love to ambition, and the poſſeſſion of a lovely object for one night, *ſtands* higher in the *eye* of pleaſure, than

than to wield the ſceptre of the greateſt monarchy for a year.---What can equal the *tumid ſceptre* of amorous delight? nothing in this charmer's *eye*, the roſy tints of whoſe cheeks, and the pouting ruby of her delicately parted lips mock the whole aſſemblage of the gay creation, and defy the faireſt of the fair to vie with them. She has expreſſive dark eyes, brown hair, and teeth not altogether unpleaſing. She is ſhort and plump, mild temper, and of a moſt generous diſpoſition; ſo that the true votary of the Cyprian God, and full of the *liquid balm*, need not be deterred from viſiting her, from any pecuniary fear. It is ſaid a certain North Briton, who is connected with a capital iron manufactory, is her chief ſupporter, he having taken, and furniſhed for her the houſe ſhe now occupies.

Miſs W---nt---r, at Mrs. Kelly's, *Duke ſtreet, St. James's.*

Our *ſouls* their former joys renew,
We raiſe new ſport and wanton geſting,
Our eyes each others charms review,
In every form of love conteſting;

At

At laſt, our bodies warm'd with mutual fire,
To prove each others aid, to *join in one*
conſpire.

'Tis not an eaſy matter to come at the real names of many of thoſe ladies, who have enliſted under the Banners of Venus, ſome taking upon them fictitious ones thro' fear, others thro' modeſty, in regard to their family, and others thro' oſtentation to pretend to have connection with ſome great folks, to whom they have not the moſt diſtant affinity. We have been credibly informed, that the preſent character aſſumes a name which is not real, but has done it on account of her own being of High Germanic origin of which Country ſhe is a native. She is rather tall and luſty, but very genteel, has a regular ſet of features, blooming cheek, fine light hair and eyes, is very chatty, and pleaſing in her behaviour. Her age doth not exceed five and twenty, and her expectations are not unreaſonable.

Miſs L—ttr—ll, No 13, *Wardour Street.*

Thy fatal eyes my beſt reſolves betray,
My anger melts in ſoft deſires away;

Each

Each look, each glance, for all thy crimes attone,
Eludes my rage, and I'm again undone.

She was the daughter of a fan maker in Dublin, and was dreſſed up by her ſtep-mother, who was very fond of her, in hopes of drawing ſome young man of fortune in for her huſband: but alaſs! poor Betſey was taken in herſelf, by a young fellow of the college, who took her away, kept her in his chambers for two days, and then turned her off, with *remembrance*, that gave her great pain, and has left the marks of the ſurgeon's ſciſſars by which ſhe may be known on a cloſe inſpection. The cutting reproaches of her parents, for a fault which their own vanity had cauſed, rendered Ireland irkſome to her, and ſhe gladly accompanied her father to England, where he came on buſineſs, and promiſed to ſettle her with ſome relations, till the noiſe of her firſt ſlip had blown over in Dublin. But he, unfeeling man! left her in the country to ſubſiſt as ſhe could. Thus turned adrift to the wide world, ſhe came to Liverpool, and being young and handſome, got good buſineſs amongſt the young tradeſmen and ſea captains, till ſhe took to drinking to

drown

drown thought. At length her face having become familiar to every eye, ſhe came up to London, where ſhe has been about three years. She is really a fine figure, and about twenty five; with dark hair and eyes, her complexion is not of the faireſt, but ſhe has tolerable teeth, and may be had at an eaſy expence.

Miſs Nancy W—lm—t, No. 38, *Union Street, Middleſex Hoſpital.*

Reclin'd upon a couch the maiden lay,
And all her Virgin Charms expos'd to view;
I ſaw them all, unſeen, and in her eyes
Read the mad language of untaught deſire.

Never ſure was any one more fond of the tremulating buſineſs of love, than is this lively laſs; ſhe was ſent for out of Warwickſhire to attend an old aunt, who intended to leave her very handſomely when ſhe died, but being deluded by the arts of a young fellow in the neighbourhood, which was diſcovered by the prominence of her belly, her aunt turned her out of doors. After her delivery, the child dying, and her

her ſeducer turning her off, ſhe was obliged by neceſſity to do the beſt ſhe could for herſelf. She is about twenty, very fair, good teeth, middling ſized, and genteel to follow, but not ſo agreeable to meet. She keeps the houſe, and alſo (what is but too common among the ſiſterhood) her flaſh man, who chiefly reſides with her.

Miſs W—ll—s, No. 11, *Little Caſtle Yard, Holborn.*

Her lips to mine how often hath ſhe join'd,
Between each kiſs her oaths of true-love ſwearing,
How many tales to pleaſe me hath ſhe coin'd,
Dreading my love the loſs thereof ſtill fearing,
Yet in the midſt of all her pure proteſtings,
Her faith, her oaths, her tears, and all were jeſtings.

It is pity that the moſt charming part of the creation, the delight of mankind, and the ſweetners of human life, whoſe beauty enlivens and calls forth every ſenſation of the ſoul, exhilirates the ſpirits, wakes every latent ſpring into action, throws a luſtre upon, and enlight-

ens thoſe ſcenes which would otherwiſe be moroſe and gloomy, and ſheds a ſoft emanation on the mind of man, ſweetly harmonizing it to downy pleaſure, and moulding the warm heart to every genial joy. It is pity that ſuch powerful, pleaſing, and endearing qualities, ſhould have for their alloy ſuch an unpleaſing, diſguſting, and ungrateful one, as inconſtancy and capriciouſneſs, too generally the concomittant attendant on the ſex. Such a one, unfortunately for herſelf, is the fair in queſtion, who was reduced from a ſtate of grandeur to her preſent ſituation, by the natural inconſtancy of her diſpoſition; too openly abuſing the kindeſt keepers, and thoſe who would have maintained her in a ſtate of ſplendor, being now glad of any body's favours. Though ſhe is tall and very well made, of tolerable beauty, a fair complexion, and a pair of eyes which outſparkle the diamonds of Golcondo, and is of a good diſpoſition, very chatty and converſible. Her age is about two and twenty.

Miſs H—d—e, at Mrs. R——s, No. 7, *Wardour Street.*

But ſtill the lovely maid improves her charms,
With inward greatneſs, unaffected wiſdom,
And ſanctity of manner.

Although this lady cannot be ſtiled a perfect beauty, ſtill I think ſhe well deſerves theſe lines of Mr. Addiſon's. Her genuine wit and vivacity, her lively diſpoſition, and pretty flow of words, which never poſſeſs the leaſt tinge of vulgarity, having been brought up by Lady B—— of Argile Street, her truly amiable temper and ſurpaſſing good-nature, plead in conjunction ſo very powerfully, and add ſo many charms to every feature, that you can no longer look without loving. She is now in her nineteenth year, with well-formed firm breaſts, fair complexion, a natural good bloom, a ſet of ſmall, regularly placed, white teeth, a little of the crumby caſt, which does not extend beyond a *deſirable* plumpneſs or deprive her in *bed* from making a *deſirable fellow*, at which time ſhe never wants mutual feeling. Her tongue and eyes have then declined corporeal language, and ſeem only to dictate a rapturous cement of

ſouls. She will repeat the pleaſure as often as you *pleaſe*, but ſtill is often known to give *out* firſt. Her eyes are light, altho' her hair is of a fine dark auburn, and ſhe is ſeldom preſented with leſs than two pounds two, having been but very lately initiated into the order of the ſiſterhood.

Miſs T—lb—t, at Mrs. Sp——r, *Bury Street, St James's.*

Warm fancy flutters with her airy wing,
And in my boſom points her madd'ning ſting;
Nerves my ſtrong purpoſe, to unnerve the ſtrength,
Of many a man and lay him at full length.

This victorious Amazon, whoſe proweſs has many a time been tried in the *amorous field*, is exceedingly well calculated, from the ſtrength of her *parts*, and ardor of her inclination, to humble the *pride* of man, and when ſhe has him once on his knees, ſhe never fails to make him *yield* himſelf thoroughly vanquiſhed, though at the ſame time (whether out of inſult or no we leave to be determined

termined by thoſe who have *engaged* her) ſhe will uſe her every endeavour to *raiſe* her fallen *antagoniſt* up again, and leave no manual inducement unpracticed to make him *ſtand up ſtiff* againſt her, it is very lately ſhe came from Ireland, where ſhe was in good keeping by a military officer. She is a fine girl, tall and well limb'd, has a pretty face, dark eyes and hair, good teeth, and about five and twenty. We are told ſhe thinks herſelf well worth five guineas for a thorough engagement in the war's of Venus.

Miſs Br—ce Mack—z—e, No. 4, *Glouceſter Court, St. James's Street.*

When my folds of bliſs unfold,
Joys too mighty to be told,
Taſte what extaſies they give,
Dying raptures taſte, and live;
In my ——, diſdaining meaſure;
Come and pour in all thy treaſure;
Soft deſires that ſweetly languiſh,
Fierce delights that riſe to anguiſh.

This lovely brunette has what we may call rather a handſome than a pretty perſon, and a pair of ſpeaking dark eyes which throws a certain becomingneſs over a remarkable freſh roſy complexion; for the expreſſion which they convey is fired with all the wantonneſs of untamed deſire, and wakes the coldeſt ſenſe to the rapturous delights of Venus, who never had a warmer votary than this voluptuous daughter of pleaſure. Her boſom is full zoned, and each living font, ſupplied from a thouſand lacteferous tubes, riſes inſtantaneous to the ſlighteſt touch, and recedes and heaves alternately with the involuntary *feelings* of the titillating power; inſomuch that ſhe is entitled, and well known by the name of "hard bubbies." Her hair is of a dark brown, and thick enough to form ſeveral beautiful treſſes, which however are not equal to the *tufted grove* on the *mount below*; and the well-ſhaded borders of the *bower of bliſs*, reared upon two living columns of alabaſter, that would ſhame the whiteſt Pariſian marble; then how lovely the contraſt! between theſe ſnow-white pillars, the dark umbrageous appearance inveſting the *magic circle*, and the ruby tinge on the inſide

of

of each *portal lip*, which pouting out with incontroulable ſenſibility, encloſes the *member* of all its joys, in ſo right a direction, there never needs any pilot to conduct the pinnace to the very *port* of bliſs. Notwithſtanding this, ſhe is ſo exceedingly friſky, from being ſo exquiſitely toned in thoſe parts, that you will ſurely be thrown out of the *ſaddle*, though ever ſo good a *rider*, and the *courſe* half won; for enjoyment riſes ſo near to madneſs with her, and the *rapturous anguiſh* is ſo great, that ſhe will endeavour, though againſt her will, to *wriggle* you out of her *hole* with her bottom, and at the ſame time give you the moſt delicious ſqueezes with her thighs, accompanied with an enchanting twiſt of her legs, to drive you *further in*; and when the *critical moment is coming*, ſhe contrives to meet the *ſucculent ſhower* half way, by *pouring* down a copious *ſtream* of the ſame *life-giving fluid* from every *ſpring within her*, till both lie *bathed* in *liquid* bliſs—

In extaſies too great to laſt for ever.

This maddening ſportive fair one has a ſet of teeth like ivory, is very good natured

tured, and not in keeping, but lives on the bounty of her various good friends in that vicinity, among whom it is whiſpered there has been a certain royal H—— apparent and the gallant Colonel T———.

She is tall and plump, and her age doth very little exceed twenty years.

Miſs L—ngf—d, No. 10, *Cumberland Street, Middleſex Hoſpital.*

"Softneſs of ſpeech, and openneſs of heart,
"Combine with love to act the am'rous part."

A young lady very genteel, finely limbed, and though ſhe has rather an auſterity of countenance, ſhe confers delight like the ſun behind a cloud, imperceptibly clears up, and ſhines with a brightneſs ſcarce to be conceived which, added to a moſt cheerful manner of converſation, and a natural turn for repartee, makes her one of the moſt agreeable ladies that ever enliſted under the banners of the Cyprian goddeſs. Yorkſhire has the honour of claiming her birth, and I am ſorry to ſay a certain

tain

tain new-created Peer had the diſhonour of debauching one who by nature was formed to be the ornament of her ſex, the repeated brutal villainy which brought this unhappy girl to her preſent way of life would make the moſt hardened bluſh, therefore I muſt drop my pen after deſcribing more particularly her perſon. She is tall and genteel, has fine flaxen hair, blue ſparkling eyes, and arch'd eye-brows, the ſoft bluſh of Aurora over-ſpreads her cheeks, and the Lilly may be obſerved diſplayed on her enchanting boſom, which is finely inlaid with blue veins. She has till very lately been in keeping by a gentleman of her preſent name, who has paid the laſt debt of nature. She is about two and twenty, and her expectations are no ways extravagant.

Miſs G—dfr—y, No. 23, *Union Street.*

" Form'd to the ſport, ſhe knows her cue,
" And will in love return each one his due."

A fonder little tit is not to be met with in all the kingdom; in the action

tion ſhe will twiſt about like an eel, and will practiſe every ſtratagem that is to be found in the records of love, to give and receive pleaſure: ſhe has a remarkable ſoft hand, the warmth of which has often been tried; and, as if it was endowed with miraculous powers, it has been known to raiſe the dead! She is ſaid to be a daughter of a gentlewoman who keeps a ſchool in the ſame neighbourhood, and was very lately introduced to the ſervice of the public, to whom ſhe is now fervently devoted, and by whoſe generoſity ſhe is enabled to live in a very gay manner, having ſeldom a leſs compliment than two guineas. She is of a ſlim and genteel ſize, well ſhaped, has fair hair and light eyes, good teeth, and is very ſprightly. Her age is about nineteen.

Miſs H—ll, at No. 4, *Caſtle Street, Oxford Market.*

O that I had but Jove's unbounded might,
To lengthen pleaſures, and extend the night,
Three trivial nights ſhould not my wiſh confine;
Whole years themſelves, whole ages ſhould combine
To make my joys as laſting as divine.
Then would I lie enclos'd within her arms,
Fierce as my love, and vig'rous as her charms,
And both ſhould be, could I decree their ſtate,
As fixed and as immutable as fate.

Of all the ſiſterhood we know, Miſs H—ll is the moſt modeſt, delicate, and mild, and has leaſt the appearance of one of Venus's expreſs votaries. Her perſon is tall, ſlim and genteel, her face is agreeable, though not handſome. Her voice is charming, and her eyes lively, She is about twenty one, of good temper and winning behaviour. She hath had ſome few particular friends, none of whom, ſhe ever loſt through her own miſconduct, but from the natural inconſtancy of mankind, being but very lately entered into life. A foreign gentleman has her now in keeping, who from

from being fond of her is rather jealous. However three guineas is a temptation not to be withſtood by many better ſituated than herſelf.

Miſs Ell—t, No. 16, *Glanville Street.*

You may admire the roſes on my cheek,
And preſs my lips, which balmy nectar ſpeak!
Admire my eyes, that beam with liquid fire;
My breaſts which part with ſoft yet ſtrong deſire;
Admire my legs; admire my ſnowy thighs;
But know, my pleaſure in the center lies;
There preſs with willing force the tumid gueſt,
And let luxurious fancy paint the reſt.

An apt motto for this truly amorous girl, who confines her whole pleaſure to the *central ſpot* of Nature. Here, if poſſible, ſhe will keep you conſtantly employed, nor ſpare any pains by *manual, lingual, labial* invitations, to revivify the fallen member, and with glowing eagerneſs, will quickly bring him to *Death's door*, where that is ſoon his portion. She is a well-made tall, brown

brown girl, has very good teeth, dark hair and eyes, not more than five and twenty years of age, and in her manner remarkably lively and genteel. She is well worth a guinea per diem.

AGREEABLE to annual cuſtom, we muſt now bid adieu to our courteous reader, and wiſh him every ſucceſs that youth, health, love, and wine can poſſibly inſpire him with; hoping at the ſame time, that they will throw a friendly veil over all the unavoidable errors that may have happened in this work, and excuſe that diſagreeable tautology, which, for want of other words, we are neceſſitated to make, and ſhould they find the ſame ladies in this liſt, that appeared before in other names, not be diſpleaſed with it; for as their reſidence is changed as often as their names, it is almoſt impoſſible but ſome ſuch miſtakes muſt happen: We alſo hope that the attention that is now paid to the procuring the beſt and moſt reſpectable, will wipe off every other blot.

We likewiſe take our leave of the Ladies, and are particularly happy to think that what was formerly ſeen in the eyes of *our* world a diſgrace, is now conſidered, pleaſing, delightful, and honourable.

F I N I S.

Miss Pope n.° 9 s Half-a-moon. 978

In questo libro sono
le stelle le più celebri osservate
dagli Astronomi di Londra, e descritte
particolarmente tanto meridionali,
che settentrionali

1788

HARRIS's LIST

OF

Covent Garden Ladies,

For the YEAR 1788.

[Price 2s. 6d.]

Harris

HARRIS's LIST

OF

COVENT-GARDEN LADIES:

OR,

MAN OF PLEASURE's

KALENDER,

For the YEAR, 1788.

CONTAINING

The Hiſtories and ſome curious Anecdotes of the moſt celebrated Ladies now on the Town, or in keeping, and alſo many of their Keepers.

LONDON:

Printed for H. RANGER, (formerly at No. 23, *Fleet-Street,*) at No. 9, *Little Bridges-Street*, near *Drury-Lane Play-Houſe*

Where may be had,

The ſeperate LISTS of many preceding Years

CONTENTS.

A

Page

Antr*b*s, Mrs 126

B

B*nd, Miſs 49
B*lt*n, Miſs 36
Br*wn, Miſs 46
Bl*ke, Miſs 54
Betſy 78
Br*wn, Miſs 94
B*r*n, Miſs Phœbe 113
B*r*n, Miſs Harriet 134
B*rn, Miſs 18
Br*wn, Miſs 22

C

Cr*ſb*y, Mrs. 25
C*rt*n*y

C*rtn**, Miſs Fanny 33
Cl*nt*n, Miſs 42
Cl*rk, Miſs Betſy 43
Ch*ſh*line, Mrs. 62
C*p*r, Miſs 70
Ch*ld, Miſs 96
C*sd*l, Miſs Charlotte 103
C*p, Miſs 104
C*tt*n, Miſs Charlotte 115
Cl*rk, Miſs 117
C*rb*t, Miſs 122

D

D*d, Mrs. 52
D*v*p*rt, Miſs 38
D*g*ls, Miſs 44
D*f*ld Mrs. 47
D*v*nſh*re, Miſs 91
D*v*s, Miſs Nancy 106
D*rl*z, Madam 129

E

Emmey, 111
Ell*t, Miſs Emma 131

F

Fr*s*r, Mrs. 99
F*n*, Mrs. Charlotte 139

Gr*n,

G

Gr*n, Miſs 51
G**g*, Miſs 41
Gr*c*r, Miſs 86
G*rdn*r, Miſs 123
Gr*ff*n, Mrs. 141

H

H*ds*n, Miſs Bet ſe 45
H*rv*y, Mrs. 60
H*ll*ngb*rg, Mrs. 73
H**d, Mrs. 72
H*ſt**ng, Miſs Betſy 89
H*ll*n, Miſs 128
H*nl*y, Miſs Fa nn 137
H*ll*nd, Miſs 17
H*rd*y, Miſs 21

J.

J*n*s, Miſs Harriet 27
J*hn*t*n, Miſs 68
J*n*s, Miſs 101
J*nſ*n, Miſs 19

K

K*n, Miſs 58
K*lp*n, Miſs 107
K*bb*rd, Miſs Jenny 138

L

L*nds*y, Miſs 75
L*ws, Mrs. 77
Ll*d Miſs Harriet 82

L*ſt*r, Miſs 15
L*ns*y, Miſs 20
L*c*s, Miſs 24

M

M*rt*n, Miſs Sophia 31
M*nt*n, Miſs 57
M*rr*s, Miſs 63
M*lt*n, Miſs 85
M*lsw*rth, Miſs 88
M*ns*n, Miſs Louiſa 124

N

N*ble, Miſs 31
N*t*n, Mrs. 92

P

P*mbr*k*, Miſs 80
Du Par Mademoiſeil 143

R

R*ſs, Miſs, 34
R*b*ns*n, Mrs. 74
R*l*ns, Miſs Betſy 66
R*ch*rdſ*n, Miſs 23

ERRATA.

In page 42, Miſs Cl—nt—n, at No. 17, *read* ——— Street.

Page 72 *read* No. 4, *inſtead* of No. 14.

Page 77, *read* Mrs L—w—s, at No. 68,

S*ms, Miſs 35
S*tt*n, Mrs. 69
S*dd*ns, Miſs Sarah 83
Sp*ns*r, Mrs. 35

T

T*wnsd*n, Miſs 97
T*s*n, Miſs 133
T*rb*t, Mrs 22

W

W*lk*ns*n, Miſs 29
W*d, Miſs 32
W*tk*ns, Miſs Elizabeth 64
W*rd, Mrs. 100
W*d, Mrs. 67
W*ls*n, Miſs 118
W*bſt*r, Mrs. 119
W*ll*ms, Miſs 135
W*rp*l, Mrs. 140
W*rn*r, Miſs 144

ERRATA,

INTRODUCTION.

Again the coral berry'd holly glads the eye,
The ivy green again each window decks,
And miſletoe, kind friend to *Baſſia's* cauſe,
Under each merry roof invites the kiſs;
Come then, my friends, ye friends to *Harris* come,
And more than kiſſes ſhare, drink love ſupreme
From his ambroſial cup, tho' oft replete
Satiety ne'er gives, but leaves the raviſh'd ſenſe
Supremely bleſt, and ever craving more.
Come ye gay ſons of pleaſure, come and feaſt
Your *every* ſenſe, and lave your ſouls in love,
Fearleſs advance, nor think of ills to come;
Here taſte variety, of love's ſweet gifts,
Pure and unſtain'd as at kind nature's birth.

THE parterre of Venus was never more elegantly filled, never did the loves and graces ſhine with more ſplendor than at preſent; Mary-bone, the now grand paradiſe of love, and Covent Garden, her elder born, beam with uncommon ardor; nor is our antient Drury unfrequented; no ſooner do the ſtars above ſhed their benign influence, but our more attracting ones

below beſpangle every walk, and make a heaven on earth; Bagnigge, St. George's Spa, with all their ſiſter ſhops, deal out each night their choiceſt gifts of love; nor with the ſons of pleaſure be diſappointed ſhould they extend their travels ſtill farther eaſt, and viſit the purlieus of White Chapel. The Royalty is over full, and Wapping, Shadwell, and the neighbouring *fields* lend all their lovely train to glad each night; theſe then ſhall be our walks; from theſe gay ſpots of pleaſure ſhall we call love's pureſt ſweets,

And without thorn the roſe.

By thus extending our reſearches we ſhall be able to ſuit every conſtitution, and every pocket, every whim and fancy that the moſt extravagant ſenſualiſt can deſire. Here may they learn to ſhun the dreadful quickſands of pain and mortification, and land ſafe on the terra firma of delight and love.

HARRIS's LIST

OF

COVENT-GARDEN LADIES.

Miſs L—ſt---r, No. 6, *Union-Street, Oxford-Road.*

Oh, pleaſing taſk, to paint the ripen'd charms
Of youth untutor'd in the female arts;
To ſee inſtinctively deſire blaze out,
And warm the mind with all its burning joys.
The *tell-tale eyes* in liquid pools ſuſtain'd,
The throbbing breaſt now riſing, now ſuppreſſ'd;
The *thrilling bliſs* quick darting thro' the frame,
The *ſhort fetch'd ſighs*, the ſnow white twining limbs,
The ſudden guſh, and the extatic oh.

SUCH our all pleaſing L—ſt—r leads the train, and, ſmiling like the morn, unfolds her heaven of beauties. Oh, for a *Guido's touch*, or *Thomſon's thought*,

thought, to paint the richneſs of her unequall'd charms; every perfection that can poſſibly adorn the face and mind of woman ſeem centered in this bewitching girl; hither reſort then, ye genuine lovers of beauty and good ſenſe; here, whilſt *Plutus* reigns, may you revel nor know ſatiety; here feaſt the longing appetite, and return with freſh *vigor* to every *attack*. Now arrived at the tempting age of nineteen, her imagination is filled with every luſcious idea, *refined* ſenſibility, and *fierce deſire* can unite, her form is majeſtic, tall, and elegant; her make truly genteel, her complexion

——— As April's lily fair,
And blooming as June's brighteſt roſe.

Painted by the maſterly hand of nature, ſhaded by treſſes of the darkeſt brown, and enlivened by two ſtars that ſwim in all the eſſence of unſatiated love.

Her pouting lips diſtil nectarious balm,
And thro' the frame its thrilling tranſports dart;

which, when parted, diſplay a caſket of ſnow white pearls, ranged in the niceſt regularity, the *neighbouring hills* below full

full ripe for manual preſſure, firm ; and elaſtic, and heave at every touch. The *Elyſian font*, in the centre of a *black bewitching grove*, ſupported by two pyramids white as alabaſter, very delicate, and ſoft as turtle's down. At the *approach* of their *favourite lord* unfold, and for three guineas he is conducted to this *harbour* of never failing delight. Add to all this, ſhe ſings well, is a very chearful companion, and has only been in *life* nine months.

Miſs H—ll—nd, No. 2, *York-Street, Queen-Ann-ſtreet.*

No time ſhall paſs without that dear delight,
I'll talk of love all day, and act it all the night;
Pleaſure and I as to one goal deſign'd,
Will run with equal pace, while ſorrow lays behind.

Thoſe who chooſe to ſail to the iſland of love in a *firſt rate* ſhip, or to encloſe an armful of delight, muſt be pleaſed with this lady ; who, tho' only ſeventeen and ſhort, is very fat and corpulent ; yet, notwithſtanding, ſhe is a fine piece of frailty ; her face is handſome, and

her *nut brown locks*, which are placed *above* and below, promiſe a luſcious treat to the voluptuary. Her temper is agreeable and pleaſing, and ſhe is ſo far from being mercenary, that a ſingle guinea is the boundage of her wiſh.

Miſs B—rn, No. 18, *Old Compton Street, Soho.*

Cloſe in the arms ſhe languiſhingly lies,
With dying looks, ſhort breath, and wiſhing eyes.

This accompliſhed nymph has juſt attained her eighteenth year, and fraught with every perfection, enters a volunteer in the field of Venus. She plays on the piano forte, ſings, dances, and is miſtreſs of every *Manœuvre* in the amorous conteſt that can enhance the coming pleaſure; is of the middle ſtature, fine auburn hair, dark eyes, and very inviting countenance, which ever ſeems to beam delight and love. In bed ſhe is all the heart can wiſh, or eye admire, every limb is ſymmetry, every action under cover truly amorous; her price is two pounds two.

Miſs

Miſs J—nſ—n, No 17, *Goodge ſtreet, Charlotte ſtreet.*

And all theſe joys inſatiably to prove,
With which rich beauty feaſts the glutton love.

The raven coloured treſſes of Miſs J—nſ—n are pleaſing, and are characteriſtics of ſtrength and ability in the wars of Venus. Indeed this fair one is not afraid of work, but will undergo a great deal of labour in the action; ſhe ſings, dances, will drink a chearful glaſs, and is a good companion. She has ſuch a noble elaſticity in her loins, that ſhe can caſt her lover to a pleaſing height, and receive him again with the utmoſt dexterity. Her price is one pound one, and for her perſon and amorous qualifications ſhe is well worth the money.

Miſs L—v—r, No. 17, *Ogle ſtreet, Queen Ann-ſtreet Eaſt.*

She darted from her eyes a ſide long glance
Juſt as ſhe ſpoke, and, like her words, it flew,
Seem'd not to beg, what yet ſhe bid to do.

This young nymph of fifteen is ſhort, of a dark complexion, and inclinable

able to be lusty; she does not rely on *chamber practice* only, for she takes her evening excursions to seek for *clients*, who may put their case to her either in a tavern or her own apartments; her fee is from a crown to half a guinea, and she strives to earn her money by seeming to be agreeable; however, she may please some, and as we have only known her about four months she cannot have lost her *appetite*, but seems particularly fond of the sport.

Miss L—ns—y, No. 13, *Bentick street, Berwick strret.*

Close in the arms she languishingly lies,
With dying looks, short breath, and swimming eyes.

To all lovers of carrots we would recommend this fair complex, and blue ey'd nymph; she is now steering into the nineteenth year, and has very little of the vulgarity too often found in the sisterhood, but would be rather silent than speak nonsense: the mere sensualist will not find her quite to his fancy, but she will please the delicate and sensible, who

can

can ſpend the dull pauſe of joy with her agreeably, till call'd by nature to repetition; in which, as well as in conſervation, we are informed ſhe is equally charming.

Miſs H—rd—y, No. 45, *Newman ſtreet.*

Her look ſerene does pureſt ſofineſs wear,
Her face exclaims her faireſt of the fair.

This lady borrows her name from her late keeper, who is now gone to the India's, and left her to ſeek ſupport on the wide common of independance; ſhe is now juſt arrived at the zenith of perfection, devoid of art and manners, as yet untutor'd by faſhion, her charms have for heir zeſt every addition youth and ſimplicity can add. She has beauty without pride, elegance without affectation, and innocence without diſſimulation; and not knowing how long this train of perfections will laſt, we would adviſe our reader to make hay whilſt the ſun ſhines.

Miſs

Miſs Br—wn, No. 8, *Caſtle-Street, Newman-Street.*

Her every glance, like Jove's vindictive flame,
Shoot thro' the veins, and kindle all the frame.

A peculiar elegance in make and taſte in dreſſing diſtinguiſhes this daughter of love; her ſhape is remarkably genteel, and her figure good; ſhe ſings a good ſong, and is a chearful *bon* companion; her complexion is fair, her eyes, though grey, exceedingly melting, and ſeem to ſpeak the diſpoſition of the parts below very forcibly, and if you would wiſh to find a good bed-fellow, tho' not bleſt with every other perfection, this lady will perhaps ſuit her price, which is two pounds two.

Mrs. T—rb—t, No. 25, *Titchfield-ſtreet.*

The glow of youth, the fire of wanton love,
Sport in her eye, and rouſe the ſenſual heart
To ſtrong deſires unmanageable pitch.

So univerſally known, and ſo great a fav'rite with the bucks is this lady, that her deſcription is almoſt needleſs; her eyes and hair are of the moſt inviting darkneſs,

darkneſs, her temper and diſpoſition good, and her mind replete with the choiceſt gifts of *Minerva*; her figure is elegant, ſhe is very tall, ſings and dances to perfection, and has only been in a *public* way of life twelve months; for a ſingle ſkirmiſh ſhe does not refuſe the King's ſmalleſt picture, but for a whole night's ſiege expects three of the largeſt.

Miſs R—ch—rdſ—n, No. 2, *Bennett-Street, Rathbone-Place.*

If women were as little as they are good,
A peas cod would make them a gown and a hood.

A pretty, little, lively, fair complexioned girl, with a dainty leg and foot, and as pretty a pair of pouting bubbies as ever went againſt a man's ſtomach, and one who well deſerves the attention that is paid her by every man capable of knowing her value. She is pleaſing, though fond, and can make wantonneſs delightful; every part aſſiſts to bring on the momentary delirium, and then each part combines to raiſe up the fallen member, to contribute again to repeated rapture; her price is commonly two guineas,

neas, but if the man is clever, ſhe is very ready to make ſome abatement.

Miſs L—c—s, No. 2, *York-Street, Queen-Ann-Street Eaſt.*

——— Lilting o'er the lea,
Ye're welcomer to take me, than to let me be.

She is tall and fair, of a ſtriking figure, and amiable in converſation, perfectly complying with the deſires of her enamorato's: ſhe is ſaid, like the river Nile, frequently to overflow, but ſomehow or another her inundations differ from thoſe of that river, as they do not produce fœcundity, ſome ſkilful gardeners are of opinion that ſhe drowns the *ſeed*, which is the reaſon that it does not take root. This is a diſagreeable circumſtance to thoſe who may wiſh not to till in vain; but to others who would prefer the pleaſure without the expenſive conſequences, ſhe is the more deſirable, as they are ſure that all who bathe in her *Caſtalian ſpring*, will be overwhelmed with a flood of delight.

Mrs.

Mrs. Cr—ſby, No. 24, *George Street, over Black Fryars Bridge.*

Faſt lock'd in her arms,
And enjoying her charms,
Every frown of old care I'll defy ;
Give deſire ſuch a looſe,
That the all potent *Juice*,
Shall pervade ev'ry ſenſe, and *ſwim* in each Eye.

Birmingham lays claim to the birth of this daughter of love, and, under the care and protection of an indulgent father and mother, ſhe reached her fifteenth year " pure and unſullied ;" at this period nature began to be very buſy with Nancy, and a ſtrong propenſity for ſeeing *Life*, compelled her to leave her parents and enter into ſervitude, and being particularly attached to the ſons of Neptune, ſhe choſe for her maſter a ſea captain, whoſe name ſhe ſtill prefers to any other. A twelve month had not elapſed in the captain's ſervice before our charmer's feelings had reached their higheſt pitch, and the captain, bleſt with a keen appetite, after a ſix months voyage, with little perſuaſion, opened her *port hole*, cleared her *gangway*, and threw her virtue *overboard*.

He grew ſtrongly attached to her, and, being a man rather advanced in years, became contented and happy, nor wiſhed for any other but his dear Nancy. She was his own, and he was all ſhe at that time wiſhed or deſired for; one or two little prattlers were pledges of their mutual regard, and till the day of the captain's death they lived "the happy pair." It is near two years ſince ſhe loſt her friend, by whoſe death ſhe receives a little annuity, that will ever keep her from the neceſſity of parading the ſtreets *merely* for ſupport, and you are certain to meet with her at home at almoſt any hour of the day; in the evening ſhe generally viſits one of the Theatres, and always ſits in the ſide boxes, in which place ſhe contrives to chuſe her ſpark, and if poſſible to take him home with her (for ſhe nevers ſleeps out,) where he will meet with ſnug comfortable apartments, civility, good humour, and a very engaging partner, whilſt ſhe continues good humoured; if he uſes any language or behaviour to ruffle her temper, ſhe can act the Virago as well as moſt of her ſex. She is rather below mediocrity in ſize, with dark hair, flowing in ringlets down her back,

languiſhing

languiſhing grey eyes, and a very tolerable complexion, and a pair of pretty little firm *bubbies*. Her leg and foot is particularly graceful, always ornamented with a white ſilk ſtocking, and a neat ſhoe; ſhe is a loving bed-fellow, and ſincerely *attaches* herſelf to the enjoyment, feels the ſhrilling ſenſation with poignancy, and for one guinea will *enjoy* you as many times as you pleaſe.

N. B. She keeps the houſe, and you muſt not mention to her a ſyllable concerning her pretty lodger *above*, if you wiſh to be calm *below*.

Miſs Harriet J—n—-s, *St. George's Hotel, oppoſite Virginia Street, Wapping.*

For lips to lips, and Tongue to Tongue,
Will make a man of ſixty young.

Yes, 'tis Harriet, the ſtill fair, ſtill blooming Harriet, whoſe eyes are molded for the tender union of ſouls (let them but borrow a little fire from Bacchus) "by Heaven's, ſhoot Suns" whoſe nectar-diſtilling lips pour ſweeteſt balm; whilſt the ſoft ſilent lingual intercourſe ſhoots powerfully through all the

 frame,

frame, and awakes each dormant ſenſe. When naked ſhe is certainly Thomſon's Lavinia.

For lovelineſs,
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is, when unadorned, adorned the moſt.

A beautiful *black fringe* borders the *Venetian Mount*, and whether ſhe purſues the *Grahamatic* method from a practical knowledge of its increaſe of pleaſure, from motives of cleanlineſs, or as a certain preventative we will not pretend to ſay; but we well know it makes her the more deſirable bed-fellow, and after every *ſtroke* gives freſh *tone and vigour* to the lately *diſtended parts*; her legs and feet claim her peculiar attention, nor do their *coverings* ever diſgrace their owner, nor their actions under *cover* ever do injuſtice to that dear delightful ſpot they are doomed to ſupport, protect, and pay juſt obedience to; *the eager twine*, the almoſt unbearable preſs at the *dye away moment*, with all *love's* leſſer *Artillery*, ſhe plays off with uncommon activity and ardor, and drinks *repetition* with thirſt inſatiable. Half a guinea, and a new pink ribband to encircle her bewitching brows, is the leaſt ſhe expects for a night's entertainment.

entertainment. There are three or four more ladies of *our* order in the houſe, if this lady ſhould not exactly ſuit.

But being bleſt with beauty's potent ſpell,
Muſt from her other ſiſters bear the bell.

Miſs W—lk—nſ—n, No. 10, *Bull-and-Mouth Street.*

Forbidding me to follow ſhe invites me,
This is the mould of which I made the ſex,
I gave them but one tongue to ſay us nay,
And two kind eyes to grant.

Here we preſent our readers with as pretty a man's woman as ever the bountiful hand of nature formed; a pair of black eyes that dart reſiſtleſs fire, that ſpeak a language frozen hearts might thaw, and ſtand as the ſweet index to the ſoul; a pair of ſweet pouting lips that demand the burning kiſs, and never receives it without paying with intereſt; a complexion that would charm the eye of an anchorite; a ſkin ſmooth as monument alabaſter, and white as Alpian ſnow; and hair that ſo beautifully contraſts the ſkin, that nought but nature can equal. Deſcend a little lower and behold the ſemi-ſnow-balls.

 "Studded

" Studded with roſe buds, and ſtreaked with celeſtial blue,"

that want not the ſupport of ſtays; whoſe truly elaſtic ſtate never ſuffers the preſſure, however ſevere, to remain, but boldly recovers its tempting ſmoothneſs. Next take a view of nature *centrally*; no *folding lapel*, no *gaping orifice*, no *horrid gulph* is here, but the *loving lips* tenderly kiſs each other, and ſhelter from the cold a ſmall but eaſily ſtretched paſſage, whoſe *depth* none but the *blind boy* has liberty to *fathom*; between the *tempting lips* the *coral headed tip* ſtands centinal, ſheltered by a *raven-coloured-buſh*, and for one half guinea conduct the *well erected friend* ſafe into *port*. She is a native of Oxfordſhire, and has been a viſitor on the town about one year, is generally to be met with at home at every hour excepting ten at night, at which time ſhe viſits a favourite gentleman of the Temple.

Miſs

Miſs N—ble, No. 10, *Plough Court, Fetter Lane.*

She darted a ſweet kiſs,
The wanton prelude to a farther bliſs;
Such as might kindle frozen appetite,
And fire e'en waſted nature with delight.

She is really a fine girl, with a lovely fair complexion, a moſt engaging behaviour and affable diſpoſition. She has a moſt conſummate ſkill in reviving the dead; for as ſhe loves nothing but active life, ſhe is happy when ſhe can reſtore it: and her tongue has a double charm, both when ſpeaking and when ſilent; for the tip of it, *properly applied*, can talk eloquently to the heart, whilſt no ſound pervades the ear and ſend ſuch feelings to the central ſpot, that immediately demands the more noble weapon to *cloſe* the *melting ſcene*.

Miſs Sophia M—rt—n, No. 11, *Stephen Street, Rathbone Place.*

Oh! the tranſporting joy!

Impetuous flood of long-expected rapture, ſhe is a charming black beauty; her vivid eyes, ſpeak the livelineſs of her diſpoſition,

disposition, and the joy she conceives in the hour of bliss. As yet she hath not approached the verge of satiety; she is not so hackneyed in the ways of man as to be merely passive, she enjoys the pleasure, and though she is very fond of a *noun substantive* that can *stand* by itself, yet she loves to make it *fall*, and indeed the stoutest man cannot *stand* long before her; many a *fine weapon* she has made a *mere hanger* and the most stubborn steel hath melted in her *sheath*; yet no one complains, but rather rejoices at the debility she produces, and wishes for repetition which she enjoys with a *gou* peculiar to herself, and is possessed of every *amorous* means to produce it, as she is of every luscious one to destroy it.—To be met with at any of the genteel houses about St. James's.

Miss W—d, at a Hair-dressers, *Windmill street, Tottenham Court Road.*

——— Fair
As May morning rising from the east,
Or day dismounting from the golden west.

This young charmer is of the middle size, and the resplendent black of her lively

lively eyes is finely contraſted by the fairneſs of her complexion and lightneſs of her hair : her teeth are good, and her temper complying. She is really a delicious piece, and her *terra incognita* is ſo very agreeable to every traveller therein, that it hath ceas'd to deſerve that name, and is become a well known and much frequented country ; freely *taking in* the ſtranger, *raiſing* up them that *fall*, making the *crooked ſtraight*, and although ſhe does not pretend to reſtore ſight to the blind, ſhe'll place him in ſuch a direction that he cannot miſtake the way ; and for one guinea will engage he returns the ſame way back without any direction at all.

Miſs Fanny C—rtn—y, *at Mrs.* Woods, *Liſle ſtreet, Leiceſter Fields.*

My heart's ſo full of joy,
That I could do ſome wild extravagance
Of love in public, and the fooliſh world,
That knows not tenderneſs, mig ht think me mad.

This lady is fair, of a good ſize, very chatty, fond of obliging, and far from being mercenary : the more agreeable her

her man, the leſs of money ſhe expects or demands. It is true, ſhe has other cuſtomers that make up for what ſhe may looſe by her attachments to pleaſure; ſo that between the one and the other, ſhe is very well off, and we propheſy will be long in vogue; we have known her only ſix months, and have reaſon to think very few has known her longer.

Miſs R—ſs, *at* Mrs. Wanpole's, No. 1, *Poland-ſtreet.*

Soft, as when the wooing dove,
Woo's his mate in vernal bowr's,
Is this pureſt child of love,
When ſhe her *choiceſt treaſure pours.*

Here youth and beauty are combined, and unadorned by education or art; what ſhe *feels* in the *amorous encounter* cannot be feigned. Her natural ſimplicity is yet ſo unſtained, and her knowledge of the world ſo very little, that it is almoſt impoſſible for her to diſſemble; her hair, eye-brows and eyes, are of the deepeſt black; her complexion of the roſes red, and her neck and breaſts of the

the pureſt white; her limbs are nobly formed, every joint poſſeſſing the moſt enchanting flexibility, which ſhe manages with uncommon dexterity, and her *Venus Mount* is ſo *nobly fortified*, that ſhe has no occaſion to dread the *fierceſt attack*, nor does ſhe: and although ſhe is obliged to make ſudden *retreats*, her *advances* follow ſo very briſk, and are ſo effectual, that

Whene'er ſhe quits the field,
Waits *vice* on her *lovely ſhield*.

but we muſt adviſe our lovers of the ſport to keep her pleaſed, as her temper, a little different from *another part*, is not to be ſported with.

Miſs S—ms, No. 82, *Queen Ann's-ſtreet Eaſt*.

Like ſome fair flower, whoſe leaves all colours yield,
And opening, is with rareſt odours fill'd;
As lofty pines o'ertop the lowly reed,
So does her graceful height moſt nymphs exceed.

Miſs S—ms is fair and tall, and if well paired, would be a very proper mould

mould to caſt grenadiers in; ſhe is about twenty, and though rather above the common heighth, is not ungraceful nor awkward. She knows her value, and will ſeldom accept of leſs than two guineas, which indeed, are well beſtowed. It is remarkable, that her lovers are moſt commonly of a diminutive ſize. The vanity of ſurmounting ſuch a fine tall woman, is, doubtleſs, an incentive to many, to ſo unmatch themſelves, that they are content to be like a ſweet-bread on a breaſt of veal. Yet, notwithſtanding her ſize, we hear her *low countries* are far from being capacious, but like a well made boot, is drawn on the *leg* with ſome difficulty, and *ſits ſo cloſe*, as to give great pleaſure to the wearer; it is about two years ſince her *boot* has been accuſtomed to wear legs in it, and though often *ſoaled*, (ſold) yet never wears out.

Miſs B—lt—n, No. 14, *Liſle-Street, Leiceſter Fields.*

Why ſhould they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy diſdain;
All I aſk of mortal man,
Is to ——— me whilſt he can.

Theſe four lines were not more applicable to Miſs C—tl—y, than to this preſent

ſent reigning lover of the ſport; ſhe is rather above mediocrity in height and ſize, with fine dark hair, and a pair of bewitching hazel eyes; very agreeable and loving, but ſhe is not ſo unreaſonable as to expect conſtancy; it is a weak unprofitable quality in a woman, and if ſhe can perſuade her huſband or keeper that ſhe has it, it is juſt the ſame as though ſhe really poſſeſſed it. Miſs B—lt—n is conſcious ſhe loves variety, as it conduces both to her pleaſure and intereſt; and ſhe gives each of her gallants the ſame liberty of conſcience, therefore ſhe never leſſens the fill of joy, by any real or affected freaks of jealouſy; when her lovers come to her, they are welcome, and they are equally ſo when they fly to another's arms. Indeed, when they do ſo, it is generally to her advantage, as ſhe finds they return to her with redoubled ardour, and her charms are in general more dear, from a compariſon with others; and although her age is bordering upon twenty-four, and ſhe has been a traveller in our path four years, her deſires are not the leaſt abated, nor does ſhe ſet leſs value on herſelf.

Miſs D-v-np-rt, No. 14, *Liſle-ſtreet, Leiceſter-fields.*

The nymphs like Nereids round her couch were plac'd,
Where ſhe another ſea-born Venus lay;
She lay and lean'd her cheek upon her hand,
And caſt a look ſo languiſhingly ſweet,
As if ſecure of all beholders hearts,
Neglecting ſhe could take 'em.

This young charmer, for ſhe is not yet paſt the bloom of eighteen, has ſo beautiful a face, that though here and there the general ravager of beauty has left his dented marks in a ſkin, that the fineſt tints of the tulip, carnation, or roſe, blended with the hue of the faireſt lilly, cannot equal, (ſo vaſtly ſuperior is the vermilion tinge of nature, in this her choiceſt and moſt animated work over all other) yet their effect is rather pleaſing than otherwiſe; and perhaps have tempered a blaze of beauty, which without them would have been inſupportable. Her eyes are of that colour, which the celebrated Fielding has given the heroine of his moſt admirable work, and which dart

dart a luſtre peculiar to themſelves. From ſuch an eye each look has power to raiſe

"The looſeſt wiſhes in the chaſteſt heart,"

and melt the ſoul to all the thrillings of unaſked deſire, till quite overpowered with the tranſporting gaze, the ſenſes faint, and haſten to enjoyment. Her hair is alſo black, of which great ornament, nature has been laviſhly bountiful, for when looſe, it flows in unlimited treſſes down to her waiſt; nor are the *tendrills* of the *moſs covered grotto* thinner diſtributed, but though not yet *buſhy*, might truly be ſtiled *Black Heath*; how early this *thicket* of her maidenhead *was penetrated* through, by the natural *invader* of *Middleſex*, we cannot pretend to ſay; moſt probably when it was only a ſmall brake; for from its preſent ſtate, and the extraordinary warmth of the ſoil, it muſt have began to ſhoot very early, and the mother of all things muſt have opened the ſanguinary ſluices in this delightful *Channel*, at an early period. The mount above, has a moſt delicious ſwell, as ambitious to receive on it downy bed, its *ſwelling rival* and

antagoniſt, and it is ſo well clothed, that it may be juſtly called the Cyprian Grove; whilſt her breaſts are ſo fine and ſo fully ſhaped, as to entitle her to be ſtiled *en bon point*, in the richeſt ſenſe of the words, and they have a ſpringineſs that defies any weight whatever, of amorous preſſure. Here the voluptuary might revel in pleaſure, better imagined than deſcribed, in

"Soft ſilent rapture and extatic bliſs."

Her teeth are remarkably fine; ſhe is tall, and ſo well proportioned (when you examine her whole naked figure, which ſhe will permit you to do, if you perform Cytherean Rites like an able prieſt) that ſhe might be taken for a fourth Grace, or a breathing animated Venus de Medicis. Her diſpoſition and temper is remarkably good, ſo ſweet, that it is your own fault if it be foured; for ſhe is poſſeſſed of an uncommon ſhare of politeneſs, nothing rude or uncourteous in her manner, but abounding with civility and good breeding; her connections are good, and ſhe has a keeper (a Mr. H—nn—h) both kind

and

and liberal; notwithſtanding which, ſhe has no objection to two ſupernumerary guineas.

Miſs G—rge, *at a Grocer's Shop, South Molton-ſtreet.* N° 30.

Haſt thou beheld a freſher, ſweeter nymph,
Such war of white and red upon her cheeks,
What ſtars do ſpangle, Heaven, with ſo much beauty,
As thoſe two eyes become that Heav'nly face.

At the tempting luſcious age of nineteen, this lovely girl preſents us with a face well worth the attention of the *naturaliſt*; ſhe is of a fine fair complexion, with light-brown hair, which waves in many a graceful ringlet, has good teeth, and her tell-tale dark eyes, ſpeak indeed, the tender language of love, and beam unutterable ſoftneſs; ſhe is tall of ſtature, and of the moſt tempting *en bon point*; plump breaſts, which in whiteneſs ſurpaſs the driven *ſnow*, and melt the moſt *ſnowy* of mankind to rapture. Her name ſhe borrows from a gentleman, who, ſome little time ago, poſſeſſed her (as he

thought) entirely for ſome time, but finding himſelf miſtaken, and tired with the *cornuted* burthen on his brows, he left her about ſix months ago, to ſeek ſupport in this grand mart of pleaſure; and as ſhe has been remarkably ſucceſsful, and ſtill remains a favourite piece for the enjoyment of her charms, and the converſational intercourſe, with a temper remarkably good, for a whole night ſhe expects five pounds five ſhillings.

---

n.° 17 MiſsC l—nt—n, *near Middleſex Hoſpital.*

Mark my eyes, and as they languiſh,
Read what your's have written there.

This is a very genteel made little gir, with the languiſhing eye of an Eloiſe; like her too, ſhe is warm with the *fire* of love, in all its native freedom, which, fanned by the amorous air, ſoon kindles into a flame that cannot be quenched but by the powerful effects of the *Cyprian Torrent*, which ſhe is very fond of being *bathed in*; ſhe has good teeth, and a lilly white ſkin, which is beautifully

fully contraſted by a *grot* black as the ſooty raven, which, for two pounds two, will entertain you a whole night.

Miſs Betſy Cl—rke, No. 11, *Stephen-ſtreet, Rathbone Place.*

Hope, with a gaudy proſpect feeds the eye,
Sooths every ſenſe, does with each wiſh comply;
But falſe enjoyment the kind guide deſtroys,
We loſe the paſſion in the treacherous joys.

Enjoyment is the moſt exquiſite of human pleaſures; ah! what a pity it is ſo ſhort in duration. Nature wound up to the higheſt pitch, after ſtriking *twelve*, immediately deſcends to poor ſolitary *one:* theſe are the reflections that naturally ariſe on enjoying Betſy. Though ſhe is but little, ſhe is an epitome of delight, a quinteſcence of joy, which by the moſt endearing chemiſtry, give all ſpirit, and unite in ſmall compaſs, the efficacy of a much larger bulk. Her lovely fair treſſes and elegant countenance beat alarms to love; but we attack only to fall in the breach, and lament that the luſcious

luſcious conflict is ſo ſoon ended. The common deſtroyer of beauty has made a few dells on the face of this fair Jeweſs, but a pair of pretty dimples makes ample amends, and quite over balances theſe trifling imperfections; ſhe has been in life not more than ſix months, and expects, if ſhe calls any man a friend, to receive two guineas the firſt viſit.

Miſs D—gl—ſs, No. 1, *Poland-ſtreet.*

See through the liquid eye, the melting glance,
The buried ſoul in lovely tumults loſt,
And all the ſenſes to the *centre ſent.*

She is of the middle ſize, light hair, blue eyes, and about twenty-two; ſhe is a very agreeable companion, ſings a good ſong, and is a buxom, lively, luſcious bed-fellow, but has nothing remarkable above the common run of women of the town, who are young and handſome; ſhe has been a ſportſwoman in the Cyprian Games about five years, and always expects two pounds two before ſhe is mounted.

Miſs

Miſs Betſy H—ds—n, *at Mrs. Kelly's, Duke-ſtreet, Saint James's.*

How dull the ſpring of life would prove,
Without the kiſs that waits on love;
From youthful lips you ſoon receive
The richeſt harveſt lips can give.

I loped from her friends in the country but a ſhort time, fluſhed with all the amorous fire of youth inſatiate, and ripe with every perſonal charm the heart of man can wiſh, this pleaſing girl enters our liſt. The freſh country bloom ſtill remains unimpaired, the rural vivacity is ſtill the ſame, and united with a beautiful ſkin and complexion, we can preſent our readers with a temper and diſpoſition that good nature and affability muſt call their own. Her teeth are regular, and very white, her eyes of the moſt lively hazel, which, without the leaſt fire from Bacchus, ſhoot the moſt powerful glances; her hair a lovely brown, her breaſts are ſmall and never have been ſufficiently ſubjected to manual preſſure, to deprive them of their natural firmneſs; ſhe is willingly compliant to any liberty in company, that does not extend beyond the bounds of decency; but let nature come

come forth *unadorned*, get once the enchanting girl in bed, ſhe *opens* all her charms, and gives a ſudden looſe to ſuch a bent of amorous paſſion, ſhe would fire the moſt torpid diſpoſition; when once you preſs her in your eager arms the game muſt inſtantly begin, and ſcarcely does ſhe allow an introductory kiſs, ſo uncurbed is her appetite, and ſo fond is ſhe of *repetition*, that ſhe would wiſh every lover that paſſes a night with her to be able to ſay with Ovid,

Fair Betſy knows, when numberin g the delight
Not leſs than *nine* full tranſports crown'd the night.

Only ſix months has this child of love dealed out her charms in public, but well knowing their value, is not quite ſatisfied if ſhe does not receive on *paper* a proof of their excellence.

Miſs Br—wn, No. 8, *Caſtle Street, Oxford Market.*

Give me plenty of bub,
From the large brandy tub,
And i'll *ſpend* the whole night in your arms,
I'll expoſe every part
Of my brown *apple cart*,
And ſtifle, quite ſtifle the *boy* in its *charms*.

I hope none of our readers will prove a Mr. L-d-tt, who, about ſix months ago, from

from a mere filly quarrel with this his favourite fair, thought it convenient to finiſh his exiſtence in the *leaden way*; ſhe does not poſſeſs either youth or novelty ſufficient to tempt many, to act in that way, having been at leaſt ſeven years a trading nymph to our knowledge; ſhe is tall, and genteelly made, with a fine ſkin, and beautiful flaxen hair, but is too fond of the brandy bottle to give that ſincere delight, that *mutual interchange of ſouls*, ſo neceſſary to ſtamp the *extatic rapture*; ſhe may, however, prove to thoſe that will drink a glaſs with her, and has no objection to become as merry as herſelf, a deſireable piece, as ſhe is neither extravagant in her demands, or nice in the choice of her admirers.

Mrs. D—f—ld, *at a Sadler's, Charles Street, Soho.*

Then he began to rave and tear,
And ſwore once more he'd try the fair
To grace his notes he would take care,
She gave her kind conſent.
He pitch'd the higheſt note he could,
And kept the ſtops juſt where he ſhould,
Damon, ſays ſhe, your muſick's good,
And I am now content.

This lady, we are told, is remarkably fond of muſick, and there is no *tune* within

within *compaſs of the flute* but ſhe plays with the greateſt dexterity; ſhe is perfect miſtreſs of all the *graces*, is never *out* in *ſtopping*, and is full as well ſkilled in *pricking*; altho' the principal part of her *muſic* is played in *duets*, and every *duet* in a *natural key*, ſhe has not the ſmalleſt objection to *two flats*; ſhe has a variety of ſweet notes, and many pleaſing *airs*, and generally chooſes the loweſt part; every *ſhake and quaver* ſhe feels inſtinctively, and *ſometimes* has played the ſame *tune* over *twice*, before her partner has gone through it once, without the leaſt deviation from true concord; ſhe does not allow of any *croſs barrs*, and is particularly partial to the *Tacit* flute; her moving ſtars are as black and as round as the end of a *Crotchet*; no *flower that blows is like* her cheek, or *ſcatters ſuch perfume* as her breath: no *advice can controul her love*; *ſhe does as ſhe will with her ſwain*, preſſes him *away to the copſe*, puts the *wanton God where the bee ucks into her pleaſant native plains*, ſoon after you feel the *graceful move* and find *how ſweet it is in the low-lands*; and ſhould it be *in ſable-night, ſhe loves to reſtore the drooping plant*, thinks *variety is charming*, and always *gives one kind kiſs before ſhe parts*;

and

and as ſhe is now only nineteen, can ſing a French as well as an Engliſh ſong, and has a very good friend, whoſe name ſhe at preſent aſſumes : you muſt not approach her ſhrine without being well fortifyed with *root of all evil.*

Miſs B—nd, No. 28, *Frith-ſtreet.*

A roſe-bud blows in either cheek,
Round which the lily makes its bed ;
Two dimples ſweet good nature ſpeak,
And auburn ringlets deck her head.
Her heaving breaſts pant keen deſire,
Their bluſhing ſummits own the flame ;
Her eyes ſeem wiſhing *ſomething nigher,*
Her hand conducts it to the ſame.

Miſs B—nd is a very genteel agreeable little girl, and is diſtinguiſhed more by the elegancy of her dreſs, than the beauty of her perſon, which might perhaps have been ranked in the liſt of tolerable's, had not the ſmall-pox been quite ſo unkind ; ſhe is, nevertheleſs, a deſirable *well tem-*

pered piece, and one that does not degrade herſelf by her company or her actions; ſhe comes into our corps, in conſequence of her good keeper's leaving England, and enliſts a volunteer, in all the ſprightlineſs and vivacity of nineteen, with beautiful auburn hair, and a pair of pretty languiſhing blue peepers, that ſeem at every glance to tell you how nature ſtands affected below; nor will thoſe ſwimming luminaries deceive you; *it* is ever ready to receive the *well formed tumid gueſt*, and as the *external crura* entwine and preſs *home* the *vigorous tool*, the *internal crura* embrace it, and preſſes out the laſt *precious drops* of the *vital fluid*, which her hand, by ſtealth, conveyed to the *treaſure bags* of nature, by tender *ſqueezings* ſeem to increaſe the undiſcribable rapture, at the *dye away moment*; in ſhort, during her performance of *venereal rites*, ſhe is all the heart of the moſt inflamed ſenſualiſt can wiſh, or any man that has two ſpare guineas in his pocket, can deſire.

Miſs

Miſs Gr—n, No. 32, *Little Ruſſel-ſtreet.*

Strait a new heat return'd with his embrace,
Warmth to my blood and colour to my face;
Till at the length, with mutual kiſſes fir'd,
To the laſt bliſs we eagerly aſpir'd,
And both alike attain'd, what both alike deſir'd.

When beauty beats up for recruits, he muſt be an errant coward indeed, who refuſes to enliſt under its banner; and when good humour, complaiſance, and engaging behaviour are the rewards of ſervice, it is ſhameful to deſert. This lady's charms attract moſt who behold them; though of a low ſtature, and rather under the middle ſize, ſhe is elegantly formed; her black eyes, contraſted with her white teeth, are highly pleaſing, and the goodneſs of her temper rivets the chains which her agreeable form firſt put on. One guinea, is then, too poor a recompence for ſuch merit; and it is to be deplored, that a girl, who ſhould only exchange love for love, ſhould be obliged to take payment for what is ever beyond price: in bed, ſhe is by far the better

piece, and is up to every manœuvre neceſſary to reſtore life, and every luſcious *move* to deſtroy; hands, tongue, lips, legs, and every part of the buſy frame is engaged at once in the pleaſing taſk, and all to provoke and bring the *ſoul breathing conflict* to the laſt *extatic guſh.*

Mrs. D—d, No. 6, *Hind-court, Fleet Street.*

——————O my ſoul,
Whither, whither art thou flying,
Loſt in ſweet tumultuous dying?
You tremble love, and ſo do I!
Ah! ſtay, and we'll together dye;
My ſoul ſhall take her flight with thine
Life diſſolving in delight,
Heaving breaſts and ſwimming ſight,
Faultering ſpeech and gaſping breath,
Symptoms of delicious death;
My ſoul is ready for the flight.

This lady appeared ſome years ago, to our readers, under the name of Ogl—, but as we have frequently ſeen, that a girl, though young, may yet be very diſagreeable,

disagreeable, so we may conclude, from Mrs. D—d, that a woman in years may be perfectly alluring; she is, indeed, turned of forty, rather fat and short, yet she looks well, dresses neat, and can divide as smartly covered, and as neat a leg and foot as ever beat time to *the silent flute*; her temper and behaviour are good, and if you are not soon disposed for the attack, she will shew you such a set of pictures, that very seldom fails to alarm the sleeping *member*. Then may you behold the *lovely fount* of delight, reared on two pillars of monumental alabaster; the symmetry of its parts, its *borders* enriched with *weavering tendrils*, its *ruby portals*, and the *tufted grove*, that crowns the summit of the mount, all join to invite the guest to enter. The cordial reception he meets therein, with the tide of *flowing bliss*, more delicious than the boasted nectar of the gods, engulph the raptured soul, and set the lovely owner of the premisses, above nine tenths of the green gewgaws that flutter about the town. If discipline forms the soldier in the wars of Mars, experience finishes the female combatant in the skirmishes of Venus. That experience this lady has, and is

perfectly ſkilled in every delightful manœuvre, knowing how to keep time, when to advance and retreat, to face to the right or left, and when to *ſhower* down a whole *volley* of *love*; ſo that thoſe who are vanquiſhed by her glory in their defeat, pant only for returning vigour to renew the combat; ſhe is perfectly miſtreſs in the art of reſtoring life, and performs the tender friction with a hand ſoft as turtles down. Keeps the houſe, and after giving you a whole night's entertainment, is perfectly ſatisfyed, and will give you a comfortable cup of tea in the morning, for one pound one.

Miſs Bl—ke, No. 74, *Caſtle-ſtreet, Oxford Road.*

The ſoft deſiring girl expects thy coming;
Buſy in thought, and haſty for the hour,
She turns and ſighs, and wiſhes, counts the clock,
And every minute drags a heavy pace,
Till thou appear, the champion of the bed,
Arm'd at all points, and eager for the charge
That calls thee to the combat of thy love.

This lady's graceful figure, beautiful face, dark hair, and ivory teeth, muſt

ſurely win the heart of every one, who is fortunate enough to get into her company, and make you pant for the enjoyment of the more eſſential bliſs; for the performance of which, who indeed, is better qualified? who is of a ſweeter temper? who can better twine in the enchanting folds of love? who can fill the night with ſtronger raptures? few, if any. Inſtead of expecting two guineas for the performance, we may rather wonder at her moderation in not expecting more: and though ſhe is perfectly charming when dreſt, yet we are informed that her naked beauties are ſtill more enchanting; her lovely demi globes of delight, with their ruby buds, raviſh the wondering eye. Deſcend ſtill lower to the *regions of happineſs*, the *true country of pleaſure*, and there appear the *flaxen tendrils* wantonly playing over the *mother of all ſaints*, whilſt the *pouting protuberances* leave it doubtful which *lips* better deſerve the burning kiſs; the extatic embrace both act in concert, and charm with delightful uniſon; whilſt thoſe *above* murmur the tranſports of the ſoul, thoſe which are placed *below*, perform the delicious ſuction, which cannot be reſiſted till every atom of the genial

juice

juice is drawn through its moſt natural vent—that the man bleſt with enjoyment, may cry out with Lee, in his *Cæſar Borgia*,

——— O thou great chemiſt, nature,
Who draw'ſt one ſpirit ſo divinely perfect,
Thou mak'ſt a dreg of all the world beſide.

Ireland lays claim to the honour of giving birth to this charming girl, who has not ſported her figure in public life more than ten months; indeed her particular friend, the Captain, whoſe name ſhe has taken the liberty of aſſuming, thinks her rather more honeſt than we believe her to be; ſhe is now in her eighteenth year, dances well, and is fond of frequenting public hops, where, if her partner pleaſes her, for two guineas ſhe has no objection to take him home, and return the compliment, that is, provided the Captain is from town.

Miſs M—nt—n, No. 55, *Berwick-ſtreet, Soho.*

Toil all the night, and at the approach of morn,
When tir'd nature calls aloud for reſt,
The wanton fair, a ſtranger to fatigue,
With eager fondneſs will renew the ſport;
Entwine the buſy limbs to force the joy,
Whilſt through the parting lips, the playful tongue,
The vital fire thro' every nerve propels,
And drown the ſenſes in love's potent ſtream.

Would the amorous *devotee* wiſh us to ſay more, perhaps he may require perſonal charms, even then he will not be diſappointed; ſhe is of the brunette caſt, with fine languiſhing eyes, fine even teeth, plump, well formed, panting bubbies, and as ſhe has now only entered into her nineteenth year, cannot poſſibly have loſt the tranſports of *mutuality*; at preſent ſhe trades the independant laſs, having no particular friend

friend to humour or offend; ſhe takes her noon and evening excurſions regularly, and enjoys, with unfeigned rapture, every man of pleaſure that *enters* properly equipped for the ſport; and her love of variety, and her attachment to the ſport, is ſo very prevalent, that, provided the gentleman's pocket is ſufficiently armed, there is not the leaſt reaſon to fear ſhe then will meet him *midway*, with true rapture, will *graſp* the *pointed weapon* with genuine female fortitude, and urge him *home* with ſingular delight, *leſſon* his *pride* with becoming dignity, and aſk repeated pleaſures.——It is now only eight months we have been able to call her *our own*, and as ſhe ſeems ſatisfied with one guinea, would recommend her as a *deſerving* peice.

Miſs K—n, *Caſtle-ſtreet, Oxford Market.*

" Let *Nature* empty her whole quiver in me,
" I have a *part*, which, like an ample ſhield,
" Can *take in all*, and yet leave room for more.

This lady aſſumed the name, ſhe at preſent goes by, from motives of concealment

cealment in her *ſportive* profeſſion, in which ſhe drives a good trade, and is very much lik'd by the *beaux eſprits* of the age for her *ſpunk*, being remarkably full of Cyprian Spirit, many degrees above any proof it has ever been put to; ſo that for the power of her parts, and active ability, ſhe could match Turk Gregory; and when ſhe had him in her tenacious arms, he might perform the amorous feat within the *magic circle* of her charms, till even ſtrength, like his, was *ſpent*, and nature quite exhauſted of all her balmy ſtore, whilſt ſhe, untired, and ſpringing from the bed, would aſk a freſh attack, and ſtill give pleaſure in the warm embrace; ſhe is of a dark complexion, with a wide mouth, and extraordinary well formed for a winter's companion. She has no pretenſions to beauty, but founds her claims to public favour on internal merit, and her *capacity* and ſkill in the rites of Venus, appealing rather to the ſenſe of touch, than that of ſight; ſhe is in general to be met with at a favourite hop, at the weſt end of the town, and if Mr. B—rd ſhould not be there, you may gain the liberty of attending her home, and ſhe will thank you for half a guinea.

Mrs.

Mrs. H—rv—y, No. 21, *Queen Ann Street East.*

Behold thoſe eyes that ſwim in humid fires,
And trace her wanton thoughts and young deſires;
Taſte thoſe ſweet lips, with balmy Nectar fraught,
And all the rich luxuriancy of thought:
Preſs her ſoft boſom—ſeat of ſwelling joy,
Whoſe charms invite the roſy pinion'd boy;
Who, fluttering here, may point the unerring dart,
Flaſh in each eye, and revel in each heart,
Till bolder grown, your hand inſatiate rove,
O'er her delightful *mount* and *ſportive grove*;
Then all her limbs unbound, her girdle looſe,
There's nothing you can aſk her, ſhe'll refuſe.

The above lines, from one of the warmeſt and moſt elegant poets fancy ever favoured, might be very juſtly applied to this charming girl. Rich with the glow of youth, and the charms of a perſon, in which nature has been laviſhly bountiful, ſhe poſſeſſes a mind rarely, very rarely met with in the frail daughters of pleaſure; generous, free-

hearted,

hearted, noble, feeling, and disinterested, might appear to be too high sounding epithets for a woman of this description. But however strange, it is not less strange than true; for she possesses qualities, which the want of, might make many a titled dame, possessed of that single virtue, or at least appearing to possess it) that she has unfortunately lost,—blush, for they may all with the strictest truth be applied to her. Here then, may the man come, (nay, we advise him to) who wishes in the morning, succeeding a delicious night, to find his person and his purse safe, and his health uninjured; here may he come, and taste every joy the most luscious desire can wish; here may his very sense be fed, nor know satiety, for joined to a beautiful face, an elegant form, and a graceful manner, you will find the agreeable companion, the good humoured girl, and the most enchanting bedfellow; young, and not more than three months *on* the town, or *in* the town, fine hazel love-swimming eyes, and dark brown hair, which left to twine in nature's wanton folds, plays loosely over a neck white as snow unsunned, and sweetly shades the most enchanting *love billocks* nature ever planted

below, a jetty *black* ſurrounds the *pouting manſion*, rais'd on a pair of pillars that might *ſhame* the *whiteſt*, or mark the ſmootheſt alabaſter, that twine in the amorous encounter, and ſeem to partake of that pleaſure in the dye-away moment, that we cannot pretend to ſet any value upon.

Mrs. Ch—ſh—line, No. 36, *Titchfield Street*.

Reclin'd upon a couch the maiden lay,
And all her virgin charms expos'd to view;
I ſaw them all, unſeen, and in her eyes
Read the mad language of untaught deſire.

This Mrs. C——— may ſay, when ſhe firſt ſeduced this *then* lovely girl from the boarding ſchool, and taught her *willing* mind the uſe of that *machine*, her amorous deſires ſo ardently wiſhed for.—She is the daughter of a banker in the city, and might have remained with her firſt undoer for many years longer, had not her itch for *variety*, and the brandy bottle, got the better of every ſubſervience due to a keeper. Now arrived at the full age of twenty-ſix, with fine

ſparkling

ſparkling blue eyes, genteel tall figure, her breaſts rather full but not leſs firm, very fair, and contraſted beautifully by the blue branching veins which ſurround every part; apparently light brown hair, but ſo covered with powder that the colour is doubtful; of a ſprightly and amorous diſpoſition, and a very warm temper, eſpecially when *tempered* by her favorite liquor, of which ſhe loves to take large and copious libations, ever deſirous of ſeeing the bottom. Her price is moderate, the ſmalleſt piece being as much as ſhe in general expects.

Miſs M—rr—s, No 59, *South Mortimer Street, Oxford Road.*

" Methinks I wiſh, and wiſh for what I know not,
" But ſtill I wiſh,—yet, if I had that woman,
" She I believe could tell me what I wiſh for.

Should the man of pleaſure take a nocturnal ramble *into* this lady's lodgings, and be happy enough to find her at home and alone, he need not wiſh himſelf for that night under the influence of any other ſtar than that of *Venus*; as ſhe will

very agreeably make the *duleſt* hours to paſs away with the ſoft muſic of love, and beat time to its *ſilent* harmony in all the luxury of ſoft delight; ſhe is of a fine brunette complexion, hazel eyes, which beam inexpreſſibly ſweet, remarkable fine teeth, plump firm bubbies, and a ſtately carriage; ſhe dances well, and is amiable in her temper, lively in her diſpoſition, and carries good-nature in all *her actions*; nor does ſhe neglect any thing in her power to pleaſe her viſitors. Her price is from two guineas upwards, to any ſum the gentleman ſhe obliges thinks ſhe merits; which at the blooming age of twenty cannot be too much. Had ſhe leſs partiality for a certain hair dreſſer, we think ſhe would be more pleaſing to the generality of her viſitors.

Miſs Elizabeth W—tk—ns, *Little Cheſterfield-ſtreet.*

Love's ſubtle fluid, and life's thrilling kiſs
Glide thro' her frame, and ſpeak the coming bliſs.

In this age of gallantry and pleaſure, when epicuriſm is ſo much practiſed, and

and variety ſo much ſought after, we are happy in being able to ſerve up a diſh to every palate, and here preſent our readers with as delicious a one (that is when ſhe does not ſmell of brandy) as would be provided by the hand of luxury itſelf, and ſtimulate the moſt languid appetite to fall on with the greateſt *gou*; for in Betſy is compriſed an epitome of delight, rather above mediocrity in her ſize, fine dark eyes and hair, and a fine durable complexion, and teeth that needs not the dentiſt nor his dentrifice; and a pair of tempting full formed breaſts, made for the ſwelling yielding joy, and to ſend the murmurring ſigh of rapture to the breathing trembling lip; and at the critical juncture of ſupreme pleaſure, her whole ſpirit ſeems to diſſolve within her, weep thro' all her frame with exquiſitely thrilling languor, and *pour down* to the *centrical point* from every *Cyprian ſpring* a whole *flood* of *liquid life*: for a nocturnal bathe in this Cyprian ſpring, ſhe expects at leaſt two guineas.

Miſs Betſy R—l—ns, No. 12, *Little Titchfield Street.*

Juſt at fifteen the *down* of nature grew,
O'er the ſoft yielding *lips* of crimſon hue;
The wanton fire of love began to play,
And on her boſom ſhew its powerful ſway;
When two more years had ripened every joint,
All nature's power did to the *centre* point,

And ſtill continues to point there, never ſeeking for a more engaging part, than that whoſe natural inſtinct ſo forcibly point to that *central* abode; and well may it point there, for ſhe can command a Paradiſe of bliſs; a fair eye, and beautiful complexion, together with firm panting breaſts, buſy hand, which loves to be buſily employed in inviting the tumid gueſt to her dear land of delight; the two grand ſupporters of which always unfold at the approach of this never unwelcome viſitor, whoſe *knocking* and entrance is generally performed at the ſame time; the *dando* and *reddendo* game ſoon began, which cannot be won but by death. She is tall and genteelly formed, good teeth, a fair ſkin, and pretty melting light eyes, and was taught,

when

when in keeping by the ſurgeon ſhe takes her name from, that kind of behaviour that does credit to herſelf, and is very rare to be met with amongſt the frail daughters of pleaſure.

Mrs, W——rd, No. 19, *Union Street, Middleſex Hoſpital.*

There is a joy to melt in her embrace,
Diſſolve in pleaſures, not in delights.

She is a fine luſty well looking lady; her eyes and hair are dark; her teeth good, and her age about thirty; ſhe ſees much company, and none depart unſatisfied, it being her ſtudy to pleaſe, and her pride to be thought worthy of a ſecond viſit. She is very careful of her health, and where ſhe has the leaſt reaſon to ſuſpect infection, is very ſtrict in examining the ambaſſador of love e'er ſhe receives his tribute. Tho' a very generous dealer, and one who has dealt in our market at leaſt ten years, ſhe does not appear to be quite void of ſenſibility; but ſeems to give pleaſing proofs that ſhe feels delight, as well as beſtows it. Her old

old friend, whoſe name ſhe ſtole, has been long dead, and by his death has reduced her to accept of almoſt any ſum her paramour offers.

Miſs J—hn—t—n, No. 6, *Church Court, St. Martin's Lane.*

Here roſes red, and lilys fair,
The gifts of nature, deck her air.

Oh for a touch of the pencil of animation to color the picture of one of the moſt lively productions in our exhibition; ſhe is genteel and well made, with a beautiful face, the tints in which are done by nature alone, fine light hair, and a pretty leering eye, that would make a monk diſregard his vow of celibacy, or a mahometan think that hē had got one of the daughters of paradiſe; her mouth ſmall, her lips tempting; her teeth even, white, and regular; her foot and leg ſmart, and her dreſs at once neat and genteel. But theſe are not the ſole powers of this lady; ſhe is acquainted at once

once with the whole rationale of love, as well as with the entire practice of it; and whether we talk of thoſe myſteries which are only known by the adepts, or thoſe more clumſily applied operations of the lower orders of the ſiſterhood, ſhe is up to every thing in love's tactics. Her dialect does not tell us ſhe is a native of Scotland, tho' her father, who is an half pay officer, yet reſides there; at this period when the powers of love or luſt are at their full bloom, neceſſity and inclination together, prompted her to become a dancer on our cyprian ſtage, and is very deſirous of pleaſing every man that makes her his partner, and is ſo very careful of her health, that before ſhe receives her *guinea*, ſhe muſt examine every *one* of her partner's *legs*.

Mrs. S--tt--n, No. 31, *Taviſtock-ſtreet*.

When will the dear man come, that I may
hold him
Faſt as my love can make him, hug him cloſe
As my fond ſoul can wiſh; give all my breath
In ſighs and kiſſes, tell I ſwoon with rapture.

All this ſhe ſeems to ſay to each admirer; it cannot be true to all. But no

no matter. Vanity whiſpers to each, *this is for thee alone*, and the ſelf-deceived dolt believes it. Miſs S—tt—n, indeed, can give pleaſure; her agreeable perſon, animated eyes, and lively manner, promiſe pleaſing enjoyment, and in that ſhe does not deceive; ſhe artfully prolongs the pleaſure to its utmoſt limits, and even then repines it is ſo ſhort. She is of a comfortable ſize, genteelly form'd, with a pretty round face, a little pimpled, very pretty orient teeth, and now juſt entered her twenty-ſecond year; her lodgings are neat and elegant, for the uſe of which, and a little *black apartment*, ſhe always carries about her; ſhe expects, at leaſt 3 guineas; if not at home, in the evening, is generally to be met with in the green boxes.

Miſs C—p—r, at a China ſhop, *Ruſſell Court*.

Let me preſs therein my arms,
Tune of my heart, and charmer of my eyes,
Nay, thou ſhall hear the extacy from me,
I'll make thee ſmile with my extravagant paſſion.

This lady is neither handſome, well dreſs'd, well lodg'd, nor well bred; yet ſhe

ſhe will give more delight than moſt of the finical dames, who think they do their gallants a favour to admit their embraces at a high price. This humble girl is thankful for a crown, and will teſtify her gratitude in whatever way you chuſe, ſhe is willing to appear in the dreſs of *pure nature*, as her ſkin is without ſpot or blemiſh, her breaſts ſmall and plump, and her limbs well turned and well proportioned. It is her joy to give joy, and ſhe omits no means of procuring it; though her compliance is ample, ſhe is ſo reſerved in her demand that ſhe takes what is given, and does not, like too many of her ſiſterhood, ſeize the minute juſt preceding the moment of extacy to demand more, and either proceed or draw back as her demands are gratify'd or not. In ſhort ſhe is worthy of ſome degree of elevation, to enable her to walk a more gainful round than Catherine-ſtreet, or the Strand. She has lately been to viſit her parents in Derbyſhire, and is now returned a tolerable freſh piece again.

Mrs.

Mrs. H—w—rd, No. 14, *Moor's-place, Lambeth.*

Her brows are arch'd, and rather full and thin,
To ſhade the dazzling light that dwells therein.

Although Mrs. H—w—rd cannot be more than twenty-ſix, ſhe has been a true ſportſwoman, at the cyprian games, for at leaſt twelve years, and has within theſe late ones contracted ſuch an habit of intimacy with the gin bottle, that unleſs a perſon is particularly partial to it, it is almoſt intolerable, to approach her. At Brighton, this laſt ſeaſon, ſhe was the favourite girl at Mrs. John—n's, and had ſhe not, through a fooliſh fondneſs, gave the preference to her dear Mr. Sh—m, it is in general believed Mr. W——, the capital Brewer, would have taken her under his own protection; ſhe is rather too ſhort, and too fat, fine dark hair; and eyes and eye-brows that anſwer very well to her motto; the *grove* below is *well thatched,* and ample enough in ſize to *take in* any gueſt; but ſtill ſhe has learnt the knack of *contracting* it, and a ſmall made gentleman may feel the tender friction. When ſhe elopes from her dear fellow, ſhe is to be met with at Mrs. J—nſ—n's, in German-ſtreet, and does not turn away any money offered her.

Mrs. H—ll—ngb—rg, No. 4, *Caſtle-Street, Eaſt.*

In hell and earth, and ſeas and heaven above
Love conquers all, and we muſt yield to force.

This lady, tho' an adept in the art, ſo nobly eraſes true impudence, with falſe modeſty, that her lover would be almoſt lead to think his choſen fair, at firſt ſight, an immaculate Virgin. The *ſupreme guſh*, the enraptured moment ſhe ſo mutually interchanges, or at leaſt ſeems ſo to do, that ſhe might well be ſtil'd the paragon of her ſex; and ſo perfectly well convinced of her own proficiency in the art, (altho in ſpite, of thoſe killing luminaries, embelliſhed by a tolerable good ſkin, ſhe has too large a mouth ever to be ſtil'd a beauty) ſhe never will ſee her man a ſecond time, unleſs Plutus has ſufficiently ſhewn his power firſt. Our charmer was taken from her parents, and taught the uſe of the *tree of life* at a very early period; but never had the good fortune on her ſide to be much exalted: indeed, when we conſider the more early part of her life was ſpent, and the whole of her education was received in a ſea port town, we cannot be much ſurpriſed.

Miſs R—b—nſ—n, No 14, *Liſle Street, Lecieſter Fields.*

Thou can'ſt not ſee one wrinkle in my brow,
My eyes tho' dark, are bright and quick in turning,
My beauty as the ſpring does yearly grow,
My fleſh is ſoft and plump; my marrow burning.

It is not ſurpriſing, the notice which a lady, who as long *erected* her ſtandard in the *field* of *pleaſure*, attracts from the veterans in the ſame field. This is the caſe of our heroine, now about twenty-eight years of age, tall, rather luſty, and a figure that ſpeaks true ſymmetry; handſome, a ſlight tinge of the brunette in her complexion, with very fine dark hair, fine hazel eyes, very dark, and finely arch'd eye brows; indeed, ſhe has been a very fine woman, and is far from being in her wane of beauty; her hair, indeed, is remarkably fine, and ſuch a length, as to be able to be interwoven with her *once maidenhead thicket*, now grown to a *fine buſhy arbour* ſurrounding the *bliſsful cell* of the blind ſovereign of wanton ſports, where he reigns predominant over every ſenſe,

ſenſe, and ſubjects all the reſt to that of feeling; here he keeps his court and holds his revels; come then ye followers of Comus, plunge your burning *plough ſhares* within the betwiching circle, and ſlake the hot breathing of untamed deſire; here dance the round of joy till ſenſe grows giddy in the maze, and taſte the delicious tranſports of maddening delight, till *panting nature ſtriking the alarm*, proclaims a *dying pauſe* to her own muſic, and *pours* forth the *flood* of mingled rapture; ſhe has good breaſts, and her limbs are finely turn'd and proportioned; ſhe is of a very good diſpoſition, and a moſt agreeable companion, and is at preſent in keeping by a Mr. M—lls; but being fond of the *glow* of youth, and the manly embrace of *full* vigour, ſhe indulges variety, and is various in her expectation for ſo doing

---

Miſs L—ndſ—y, No 13, *Little Portland Street.*

What pity 'tis ſo fine a face and form
Should ſuffer pride, the cankerworms of joy,
That beauty to deform.

If a warm ſon of Bacchus, fluſh'd with the fullneſs of deſire impetuous, would wiſh

to melt a haughty temper down to the ſtandard of all complying love, let him repair to this imperious golden hair'd beauty, for however proud, ſhe will ſtoop to conquer any bold *invader*; and you may lay her on her back by cloſing with her in the athletic exerciſe of wreſtling, as ſhe is very fond of Cupid's *hug*, and the amorous *lock*, and will wait your *further* attack with becoming ſpirit, and engage your *champion* of her *ring*, with a graſp, till he is reduced to *bend* beneath the powerful ſqueeze, and *yield* all the *metal* he has about him to his circling antagoniſt, who, ſo far from behaving ungenerous, will give out in exchange as much, or more rich treaſure of another coin, in token of mutual amity; in ſhort ſhe is as ſmart a little girl as you will in general ſee of her complexion and ſize, and borrows her name from a gentleman who is a very good friend, but does not expect her to confine the whole of her favours to him alone; but allows her to pick up her odd guineas as ſhe pleaſes.

Mrs.

Mrs L—w—s, *Upper Charlotte Street, Rathbone Place.* *p.* 68.

Sure nature caſt one in her ſofteſt mould,
All mild and gentle, never made to ſcold.

Weſt Indies gave birth to this daughter of Momus by Venus ; the warmth of the climebrought the charming girl's feeling to maturity at an early period, and a gentleman, whoſe name ſhe aſſumes, firſt *trod* down *Hymen's* fence, and made her a perfect woman ; but the natural warmth of her conſtitution ſoon compelled her to ſeek variety in our great mart ; ſhe therefore left her good friend, and now preſents the world with a ſweet chearful diſpoſition, fine dark hair, and eyes of the ſame friendly hue ; fine teeth, is ſhort and plump, and we have not had her above eighteen months ; ſhe expects three guineas for a whole night, but if you make a ſhort viſit, one pound one ſhilling is the leaſt.

B—t---ſy, *at Mrs.* Kelly's, *Duke ſtreet, St. James's.*

—Endleſs joys are in that heaven of love,
A thouſand Cupids dance upon her ſmiles;
Young bathing graces wanton in her eyes,
Melt in her looks, and pant upon her breaſts;
Each word is gentle as a weſtern breeze
That fans the infant boſom of the ſpring,
And every ſigh more fragrant than the morn.

This beautiful girl, that goes by no other name than Betſy, was formely a retailer of apples, &c. She has lately, with three other ladies, ſported her figure at Bath, and was there the reigning toaſt amongſt the firſt bucks of the place; ſhe is delicately and genteely form'd, about the middle ſize, very young and ſprightly, and modeſt in her converſation, except when proper occaſions demand wanton freedom; her hair and eyes are black, and her teeth remarkably white, through which ſhe plays the velvet tip with uncommon grace and ardour; we cannot pretend to ſay who cropt the virgin bud from the beautiful tree, but it could be long before ſhe put herſelf under the care and direction of Mrs. K——, and under ſuch a tutoreſs we have no doubt but ſhe will

will be ſoon ſuch a complete miſtreſs of her buſineſs, that join'd with her perſonal accompliſhments, will bring her into the moſt elevated life. Many of the poſt ſteeds of Venus have been ſo often hack'd, that they are broken winded, halt in their paces, and are well nigh founder'd, ſo as to be ſcarce fit for any thing but *brood mares*, if they are not too old. There will therefore be full room for Betſy to ſucceed ſome of the moſt eminent, as ſhe is well worthy of the embraces of the firſt men in the kingdom. Some who have poſſeſſ'd her ſpeak with raptures of the joy ſhe beſtows, they ſay the beauties ſhe diſplays when dreſt, great as they are, are trivial to thoſe which cuſtom keeps concealed; they ſay the moſſy grot of Venus is perfectly enchanting; her thighs are two alabaſter pillars, which with the ebon tendril that play in wanton ringlets round the grot, and the crimſon lining of the elaſtic portals, form together that perfect *clare obſcure*, ſo much admir'd in painting, and which always produce a moſt pleaſing effect; that her lovely ſnowy breaſts are quickly beſpread with purple meandring veins, and that her murmurs, her broken ſighs of joy,

joy, and half ſpoken words of delight in the rapturous minute, juſtify fully, the exclamation of the poet.

Oh! how ſweet to ſee her eyes
Rolling in their humid fires,
Where the nymph extended lies
Full of love and ſoft deſires;
Conſcious red her cheeks o'er ſpreading,
And her heaving boſom riſing,
Milky paths to raptures leading,
Murmuring ſighs her joys diſguiſing.

Miſs P—mbr—ke, No. 5, *Duke-ſtreet, Adelphi.*

Where did my ſoul in the dear tranſport go?
Did it with willing haſte to her depart?
It did, I'm ſure, and fluttered around her heart;
It heav'd, it trembled, and it panted there,
But all its weak efforts to ſtay were vain,
A kiſs reſtored the fugitive again;
My ſoul re-enterd, we repeated o'er
A thouſand joys unknown to both before.

In the bloom of ſixteen, tall and elegantly genteel, with fine black expreſſive eyes, and remarkable fine hair, which flows

flows in graceful ringlets down her back, and with an envious ſhade ſweetly protects two of the moſt enchanting ſnowy hillocks nature ever formed. Miſs P——— may well pleaſe, may well attract the eye. She does pleaſe, ſhe does attract, and upon every account well merits the attention of the man of true taſte. Untutored by art, and taught only by powerful nature, ſhe charms in enjoyment; and as ſhe has not, from over frequency, been rendered callous to the joys of love, ſhe repays every rapture with intereſt, and meets the bliſsful moment with a tepid flood of delight. At preſent ſhe is in good keeping by a citizen, not many miles from Fleet Market, and having been only three months under his care, has not yet been ſufficiently broke for the ſport, hope therefore that ſome of our good friends will, by properly ſupplying the citizen's place at thoſe hours his employment obliges him to be abſent, *inſtill* into *her* ſuch *principles* that will at leaſt raiſe her ſpunk to *proof*; but altho' young, ſhe can well diſpenſe with a little more pocket money than her keeper allows, and always expects twice the number of pieces that her paramour gives proofs of his manhood.

Miſs Harriet Ll—d, *at a Toy Shop, German-Street*

———Born with every grace,
Ev'n envy muſt applaud ſo fair a face;
Such is her form as painters when they ſhow
Their utmoſt art, on naked limbs beſtow.

This pretty little ſmart girl, this true lover of the ſport, is at preſent in keeping by a member of P———t, not far from St. James's; but not being ſufficiently *membered* for her *lower houſe*, ſhe appropriates the greateſt part of the member's hard coin to ſupport and keep in good humour two favourites of her own. The one a tender ſprig of the law, the other a jolly hearty looking butcher; but ſtill in ſpite of theſe three, ſhe has her *beſt apartment* ready for any one that is maſter of five guineas, and will make her miſtreſs of the ſame; it is neatly ornamented with cheſnut coloured fringe, is ſnug and warm, and when not *too warm* (which we are told is ſometimes the caſe) very comfortable; ſhe is now only ſeventeen, her dark eyes have much luſtre and more meaning:

her

her limbs, tho' ſmall, are well ſhaped, covered with a ſkin fair as the ſwan's neck, and ſoft as its down, they are perfectly pliable, and form a thouſand true lovers knots, firſt to facilitate the entrance into her *apartment*, and then to keep the enraptured lodger there as long as poſſible. Indeed, ſhe never lets one depart till he has paid his *rent*; but to ſhew ſhe is not avaricious, ſhe generally returns as much as ſhe receives, in the like *metal*, tho' not in the ſame coin.

Miſs Sarah S—dd—ns, *at a Hair-dreſſer's, Taviſtock-row, Covent-garden.*

He dreſſes her wig in a new faſhion way,
And black D—m—r as uſual is jovial and gay;
She conſtantly ſmiles on her doating dear puff,
And thinks he can never be tumbled enough.

This good-natured piece of luxury we have not been able to trace beyond five years, at which time ſhe made her entry in no very high ſphere, but meeting with great encouragement, ſhe might have done very well, but love, that wicked deity, created for the ruin of his female

female votaries, ſhot poor Sally deep in the heart; going to partake of an innocent amuſement, vulgarly called *black hops*, where twelve pence will gain admiſſion, ſhe beheld, oh dire misfortune! a lovely African, blooming with all the hue of the warm country that gave him birth, and fell at that inſtant a ſacrifice to the charms of the well made ſooty frizeur; for ſome time ſhe ranked him amongſt her own train, and charitably exerted herſelf for his ſupport, but growing at length ſatiated with his dear company, and almoſt ruined in the bargain, ſhe diſmiſſed the gloomy object of her late deſires, and parted mutual friends; ſince which time ſhe has graced the purlieus of Covent-Garden with her preſence, and is perfectly well known under the Piazza. She is about twenty-three, light hair and eyes, a good ſkin, and ſize compleatly adapted for this ſeaſon, and which ſeems to pleaſe the greateſt part of her friends and cuſtomers, who think two arms full of joy *twice* as good as one; ſhe is remarkably good-natured and affable to thoſe who favour her with a viſit, and will take almoſt any ſum rather than turn her viſitor away;

away; but if you abſolutely bilk her, beware of the conſequence; for ſhe is ſo well convinced that ſhe does not merit ſuch treatment, that ſhe will, if poſſible, revenge the injury; but we hope none of our friends will ever pay her a whole nocturnal viſit without a ſmall piece of gold in his pocket, as ſhe is an able paſture maker, is up to every movement in the art of giving pleaſure, and will oblige them in any way.

Miſs M—lt---n, No. 9, *Charles-ſtreet, Covent-Garden.*

Here haſte ye gay, take pleaſure on the wing,
Taſte all her ſweets conjoin'd, nor fear her ſting.

This agreeable girl has a pretty face ſuffuſed with a good complexion, dark penetrating eyes, hair of the ſame hue, which waves in gloſſy ringlets o'er her ſhoulders, a ſet of good teeth, and a ſtature of the exact medium between a giant and a pigmy; ſhe has not been more than eight months in this grand mart of univerſal commerce, and now ſtands out for a ſettlement from ſome of her *warm* admirers, which (being at the

rich age of twenty, the prime of female charms, when every zeal that can enhance enjoyments is at its full zenith) ſhe concludes ought to be a good one. Mr. N—by, a limb of the law, is her greateſt friend and her particular admirer, but does not ſeem to have any objection to her

" Flying abroad for food, "

and is not at all diſpleaſed to find her a guinea richer than when he left her.

Miſs Gr—ce, No 124, *Portland ſtreet.*

Forc'd to conſent, but never to obey,
Panting he lies ; the *liquid minute* paſs'd,
She feedeth on the *ſtream* as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moiſture.

Some ladies prefer the profit, others the pleaſure ; ſome may divide it equally in their choice, and perhaps their may be, among Venus's tribe, the lady found almoſt indifferent to either ; this lady however we may venture to affirm is not of the laſt ſtamp ; ſhe is a fine inviting looking girl, with very lively Cupidinous eyes and a good complexion, and ſcarcely ever to be found but in a good humour ; and

and her paramour, provided he can prove himfelf the good bed fellow, has nothing to fear in this lady's company, as money with her is not the entire object, it is the enjoyment that conſtitutes her happineſs, and in that part ſhe is a truly lovely actreſs; her twining limbs never forget their office; her buſy lips is miſtreſs of the genuine burning kiſs, and the intermediate parts move in every direction that can poſſibly enhance the coming joy, which ſhe will powerfully urge a repetition of, as long as dame nature can poſſibly afford it. She is at preſent in keeping by a French count, who though very jealous, often ſuffers her to ſport it in his chariot, during which time her tell-tale black eyes, is buſy in hunting for admirers, and can tip the wink and conduct him, if approved, to a ſafe harbour; and altho' not ſo very fond of money, ſhe does not expect to have leſs than five guineas offered her.

Miſs M—l—ſw—rth, No. 62, *Wells-ſtreet, Oxford-ſtreet.*

A ſummer's day will ſeem an hour but ſhort,
Being waſted in ſuch time-be guiling ſport.

Without poſſeſſing any particular attracting charms this lady pleaſes, and has many admirers. Her face is agreeable without being pretty, ſhe is well made, without being ſtrictly genteel; and a friend to mirth and good humour, without vulgarity. She carries on a ſnug good trade, without going much abroad, and is in bed a very amorous companion. If ſhe does go abroad it is generally to ſome of the public hops, where ſhe contrives to ſelect out her partner for the night, and will convince him (although ſhe dances well amidſt twenty couple) that ſhe *cuts* a much better *figure* with only *one*, and being now only twenty years of age, with good nature, affability, and love depicted in all her actions, no one that has three guineas in his pocket, ought to be againſt parting with two thirds to oblige her.

Miſs Betſy H—ſt—ng, No. 30, *Duke-ſtreet, St. James's.*

Bleſt with ſuch charms, the ſnowy heart could move
Such melting beauties ſovereign claims of love;
She ſweetly ſmiles, unconſcious of her pow'r,
And with her pleaſing chat beguiles each hour.

It is an undoubted fact ſhe muſt pleaſe, ſhe muſt charm the heart, and win the ſoul to exquiſite delight; how can it be otherwiſe! behold her eyes, drinking their living moiſture in cups of the pureſt hazel, and holding converſe with the heart, in ſuch a language, the leaſt meeting glance muſt immediately underſtand; behold her hair, gloſſy as the pearly drops that gild the flow'ry field when Phœbus firſt his eaſtern rays extends, and ſoft as turtles down; which, when ſuffered to ſport in nature's wanton folds, hold all the graces in their ſportive curls; view next her teeth, as white as the poliſh'd elephants, and beautiful as white;

Cheeks from whence the roſes ſeek their bloom,
And lips from whence the zephyrs ſteal perfume

but all theſe charms united, fall very ſhort of her mental qualifications: her

lively wit charms the heart, and makes her the desirable companion; her behaviour, which in company never deviates from the strict line of modesty, gains her the truest merit: her apartments are very genteel, and her dress corresponds with her person. Her professional abilities are not less to be priz'd than her other natural gifts; her natural structure in those parts is so well adapted, that it must please, and every additional improvement to enhance the coming pleasure our delicate charmer is well acquainted with; being now only nineteen she cannot, in the least, have lost the keen edge of amorous transport; neither are the essential parts at all deprived of their magical power; the liquid eye streams with the maddening fire of youth, with all the desires of unsatiated love; the panting heave, accompanying the quick interrupted sigh, speaks desire in its fullest tone; and so mutually does she interchange the liquid store at the die-away convulsive moment, that all her soul seems centred in the blissful spot. She is tall, and elegantly form'd in every limb; Mr. Arch—r, the musician, is at present her favourite man; him she will oblige at any time, from every one else she expects three guineas.

Miss

Miſs D—v—nſh—re, No. 9, *Queen Ann Street Eaſt.*

Fool! not to know that love endures no tie,
And Jove but laughs at lovers perjury.

This lady is a native of Devonſhire, and has only been *one* of *us* four months; ſhe is of a fine fair complexion, love tinctured cerulean eyes, fine teeth, and genteel good figure; a charming partner in a dance, a very good companion by the fire ſide, and dearly loves an agreeable friend and a chearful glaſs; many a *man* of war hath been her willing priſoner, and paid a proper ranſom; her port is ſaid to be well guarded by a light brown *chevaux-de-freize*, and parted from *Bumbay* by a very ſmall pleaſant iſthmus. The entry is rather ſtraight; but when once in, their is very good *riding*; and when they have paid *port cuſtoms*, they are ſuffered to ſlip out very eaſily, though generally followed by a ſalute from *Crown-point*, which haſtens their departure by cauſing the floodgates to open commodiouſly. She is ſo brave, that ſhe is ever ready for an engagement, cares not how ſoon ſhe comes to *cloſe quarters*, and loves to fight *yard arm* and *yard arm*, and be

be briſkly *boarded*; ſhe is beſt pleaſed when her opponent is *well armed*, and would deſpiſe any warrior, who had not *two* ſtout *balls* to block up her *covered way*, and did not carry *metal* enough to leave *two pounds* behind him.

Mrs. N—t—n, No. 12, *Suffolk-ſtreet, Cavendiſh-Square.*

The blooming looks of ſpring, and lovely red
As opening roſes, on her cheeks are ſpread;
Her eyes that ſparkle like the ſtars above,
Appear the armory and throne of love,
Whilſt thouſands of alluring graces wait,
And mingling charms form love's triumphant ſtate,

This lady is tolerably handſome, with a fine dark durable complexion, fine hazel eyes and good teeth, which, by a perpetual ſmile, or rather grin, ſhe has acquired a very convenient knack of ſhewing; ſhe is tall, and the goodneſs of her temper and diſpoſition render her a very agreeable companion and makes her at preſent much ſought after. We hear the firſt toaſt ſhe drinks every day is

to

to the health of Mr. N——, a gentleman of the law, whoſe name ſhe has taken the liberty of ſubſtituting for her own; ſhe has not yet been a year on the town, yet has done great execution amongſt the tender hearts of the men of the *ton*, many of which ſhe has kindled into a flame. She is as fond of variety as any *baronet*'s lady, and will diſplay her naked beauties to any curious obſerver, without giving them the trouble to mount on any other *man's ſhoulder* to take a peep at them. She is very tall, and the *pit* in her black heath is ſaid to have a conſiderable profundity, and has baffled the art of many a gauger to take it preciſely with the beſt dipping rules; yet though the attempt has been unſucceſsful, it hath not been undelightful, for the paſſage being ſtraight much pleaſure has been derived by the *gauger*, during which pleaſing paſtime

A gentle warmth invades her glowing breaſt,
And while ſhe fondly gazes on thy face,
Ev'n thought is loſt in exquiſite delights;

and ſhe is ſo generous, that as ſhe knows the hours of love are but ſhort, ſhe always fills up every moment of them with rapture. She well knows how to wind the

clock

clock of nature up to the *higheſt pitch*, and make the *human pendulum* vibrate to extaſy; nay, ſhe can ſo well fill up what the Poet calls the *dull pauſe of joy*, that its duration is ſcarce perceiv'd, and ſhe beats an almoſt inſtantaneous alarm to bliſsful repetition.

Miſs Br—wn, No. 5, *Glanville-Street, Rathbone-Place.*

——————Sacrifice to her
The precious hours, nor grudge with ſuch a mate
The ſummer's day to toy or winter's night.
Now claſp with dying fondneſs in your arms
Her yielding waiſt, now on her ſwelling breaſt
Recline your cheek, with eager kiſſes preſs
Her balmy lips, and drinking from her eyes
Reſiſtleſs love, the tender flame confeſs
Ineffable, but by the murmuring voice
Of genuine joy.

This lively girl is a native of Somerſetſhire, and being thought by her good parents the roſe of the garden, received an education perhaps beyond what their circumſtances would then admit of, and pride

pride with innocence danced hand in hand. From a great desire of becoming well acquainted with the world she was apprenticed to a millener of the same place,

Whose parent *hand* the first *ideas* form'd.

Scarce fifteen ripening autumns had arrived, e'er she felt the divine influence nature began to inspire her with; the little fluid nipples till now unnoticed and almost unseen, began to strut in all the elegance of infant prime; the heart began to feel their sovereign power, and modest nature painted the budding blush in the centre; nature's sink began no longer to be thought as such, since now another fluid passed the narrow bounds, and instilled, by power instinctive, fresh feeling into the whole channel, and every thought and every action seemed founded on those feelings. It is now about ten months since she arrived, and enlisted in the Cyprian choir; she possesses a delicate fair complexion, with lively blue eyes, a pretty mouth, and is well embellished with two rows of polished ivory; we cannot pretend to stile her a beauty, but her lively and chearful disposition, and her accomplishments

under

under *cover* in great measure compensate for the deficiency in her person, and make one pound one a trifle for a whole night's possession.

Miss Ch—ld, No. 3, *Charles-Street, Goodge-Street.*

To arms, to arms, the Cyprian Queen
Here braves the god of War,
And tho' on back, not backward seen
To take his wond'rous spear,
And melt it in her *clasping fold,*
The fold of rapturous burning bliss,
'Till quite o'erspent in nature's *mould,*
Then darts fresh vigor with a kiss.

If a first rate smart little buck would wish for a mould to cast light infantry men in, we would strongly recommend him to Miss Ch—ld. She has a noble martial disposition, and would sooner die than be out rivalled; but independant of that occurrence in her professional line, her temper and disposition are good, and her abilities between the sheets are not easily equalled, excelled they cannot be; she

ſhe poſſeſſes a pair of love ſpeaking cerulean eyes, and a boſom as rich with love's choiceſt graces as luxuriant fancy can paint, and filled with the moſt irreſtable firmneſs, whoſe panting redundancy ſoon invite the amorous encounter, and calls into action the till now *hidden friend*, whoſe ſwelling pride and impertinence will no longer ſuffer the curtain to remain drawn. She may, perhaps, at firſt attempt to chide, but bolt the door, and then all chiding ceaſes; an experienced ſofa then lends its aid; her turning limbs enhance the *coming pleaſure*, and ſighing kiſſes crown the *golden minute*; her fair complexion charms the heart; her wicked blue eyes enchant the ſoul; her well made form tempts the touch; her lovely voice charms the ear, and her gloſſy flaxen hair is worth a guinea an hour to look at.

Miſs T—wnſd—n, No. 23, *Ruſſel ſtreet, Covent Garden*,

Give me but thee, I'd make a heaven of earth,
Each night ſhould give to new born pleaſure birth;
The ſun of *joy* ſhould point continual *noon*,
And e'er an age of Noah, paſs too ſoon.

Thus ſung prince ———, when he firſt became bewitched with the dancing

and ſinging of this ſprightly piece, and in conſequence placed her in a genteel lodgings, and for ſome time was, we believe, her ſole enjoyer ; but with all his bewitching power, his ſhow of arms, his awful countenance; his martial figure, and his warlike voice, could not confine this amorous virago within the bands of conſtancy, on whioh account it is in general believed he left her, and now ſhe trades the independant woman. Her beautiful complexion and her fine blue eyes open ſuch a field for love, that whilſt they retain their preſent luſtre, ſhe cannot be without admirers. Her ſhape is elegant, her ſtature tall and genteel, and taking he revery feature conjunctively, we may ſay with the poet

Here youth and beauty, dancing in her hand,
Perform their myſtic round of amorous joy,

She is now in her eighteenth year, and has only been engaged in our buſineſs ten months, and tho' ſhe cannot be ſtiled an epicure, ſhe is moſt undoubtedly a glutton, being particularly partial to that meal where *four haunches* are ſerved up at once: in her company they are ſure to be dreſs'd in taſte, for ſhe always chuſes to *ſpit* them herſelf; and always has the greateſt

ſhare

ſhare in *preparing* the *ſauce* ; her price for turning *cook* is at leaſt three guineas.

Miſs Fr—ſ—r, *Charlotte ſtreet, Rathbone Place.*

Not leſs her blandiſhments than beauty move
At once both giving and confeſſing love.

This lady is about twenty-five, very ſhort, with dark hair and black eyes; and was it not for her noſe, which is quite of the pug caſt, we might ſtile her a compleat black beauty ; her *toute enſemble* is very agreeable, and her blandiſhments make her a deſirable companion, as ſhe dreſſes in the height of the *ton*, ſports an elegant *rattler*, and at preſent figures away in the firſt line. She has got a ſmattering of the French and Italian (from which laſt place ſhe is lately come over,) where we are told a prince of the blood took particular notice of her, and learnt her muſick and dancing ; it is about ten months ſince we have been able to preſent her to our readers, and if you ſleep a night with her, not leſs than half the number of guineas will ſatisfy.

Mrs. W—d, No 3, *Liſle-ſtreet, Leiceſter Fields.*

Oh! that deceit ſhould ſteal ſuch gentle ſhapes,
And with a virtuous vizard hide deep vice.

Mens palates are as various as their faces, and like a good ordinary we would offer up a diſh for every palate. In the time of the ancient Romans we are told that the fat paps of the ſow where held a great dainty. For thoſe that have a reliſh for ſuch a repaſt we recommend Mrs. Wood, and can aſſure them, ſuch paps as ſhe poſſeſſes are ſeldom to be met with. She keeps the houſe, and is wife to 'ſquire P—'s coachman, late of the ſtables, Bolton ſtreet; her front is well brazen'd; her face is continually upon the full grin, and as for talking bawdy, ſwearing, or bare fac'd indecency, ſhe could vie with the ancient *Meſelina* of Rome; ſhe diſpenſes her favours for any ſum to one whoſe arms are ſufficiently long to embrace her, and may do now, but in the dog days muſt be intolerable.

Miſs

Miſs J—nes, No. 75, *Newman-Street, Oxford-Street.*

——Oh ſhe's all ſoftneſs,
All melting mild, and calm as a rock'd infant;
Nor can you wake her into cries, by heaven!
She's the child of love, and ſhe was born in ſmiles.

Oh may the giddy rake, whoſe head overpowered by the effects of the grape, whoſe every thought, whoſe every idea lies centered in the gratification of a ſenſual appetite; whoſe impetuoſity indiſcriminately ruſhes him on the firſt object that preſents herſelf, may he, at this his moſt unguarded hour, reſt in the arms of this enchanting girl, whoſe good nature, care, and attention, might make him reflect with pleaſure on the paſt folly. In her he'll meet with every pleaſing accompliſhment the heart of man could wiſh; her natural diſpoſition as yet remains unvitiated by the knowledge of the world, or corrupted by the hand of time. She is now in her eighteenth year, with every amorous feeling nature at this youthful period can furniſh her with; nor is ſhe deſirous of keeping thoſe feelings a ſecret. Look in thoſe

fine black eyes, there read the perfect language of her ſoul, for never was *ſilent language* ſo fully ſeen and felt ; ſhe has a fine open handſome countenance, tall of ſtature, and if her man is pleaſed with a good ſong, he won't be diſappointed by putting the requeſt to our ſweet J—nes, whoſe good nature is ſuch ſhe never refuſes,

Or ſhould he wiſh to join the merry dance,
Where the briſk couplets artfully advance.

Here likewiſe with our charmer as a partner would he be equally delighted; here ſhe diſplays ſuch a leg and foot, and with ſo much activity, ſprightlineſs, and judgment, that none can ſee but admire, admire but love ; with all theſe qualifications, ſay you, ſhe cannot be a bad bedfellow ; ſhe has equal merits in bed, and pleaſes there with equal certainty. She is neither covetous, nor will ſhe ſink below what her real merits deſerve ; if after this, and our readers recollecting ſhe is but lately arrived from the lewd mountains of Wales, he thinks two guineas to much, he had better ſteer ſome other courſe.

Miſs

Miſs Charlotte C—ſd—l, No. 25,
Titchfield-Street, Oxford-Street.

'Till haply wandering in the fields of air,
Some fiend had whiſper'd C—ſd--l, thou art fair.

We cannot help thinking but this was the caſe with our charmer in queſtion; who, as we have heard, felt her firſt deſire for the ſport from meer inclination; ſhe is tall and genteely framed, a pretty innocent looking face, and a pair of tempting breaſts, that nineteen blooming autumns have brought to full maturity; a lively blue eye and flaxen hair; a pretty reſerved manner, (excepting when exhilirated by the chearful glaſs) which adds a particular grace to every feature, and makes her doubly pleaſing, fully verifying Dr. Amſtrong,

The coyley yielded kiſs charms moſt,
And gives the moſt ſincere delight;
Cheapneſs offends.

Her temper is ſweet, her manners affable, and her diſpoſition good. She is remarkably fond of dancing, and on that account frequents moſt of the public hops; where ſhe generally picks up her ſpark, which is no longer a ſpark for her, if

if he is obliged to change the laſt guinea to pay for coach hire.

Miſs C———p, No. 2, *York-Street, Middleſex-Hoſpital.*

Give me a nymph with all her charms,
A full grown nymph to fill my arms;
And leave to them that cannot feel,
The inſipid things they call genteel.

Strange it is, but not leſs ſtrange than true, that Engliſhmen in general have a great itch for variety; and according to our promiſſary note in the preface, we here preſent them with one of the fineſt, fatteſt figures as fully finiſhed for fun and frolick as fertile fancy ever formed; fraught with every melting charm that can be found in the field of Venus, fortunate for the true lovers of fat, ſhould fate throw them into the poſſeſſion of ſuch full grown beauties. Can you conceive the lighteſt tints of an Italian ſky? ſuch then her melting eye; can you figure to your imagination the ſwelling ripeneſs of two tempting cherries? ſuch

ſuch then her lips; though ſome might be led to imagine if they were a ſize leſs, they would be full as tempting. Can you place before your eyes, two beds of down for Cupids to ſport on? ſuch then her breaſts. Would you wiſh for an *ambuſh*, for ſome of their more wanton brothers to play at *hide* and *ſeek* in? ſhow them her Cyprian mounts. Have you a deſire to roll in the looſe luſcious lap of lip-inviting luxury? *ſpend* an hour in her arms; that is, if Mr. C—tt—n ſhould not be there firſt; he being ſo great a favourite, ſhe is always denied when in his company. If not at home, ſhe is to be found at any of the public hops, and in general with her favourite man, who we are told, won her firſt by virtue of his fiddle-ſtick, and has, ſince her firſt attachment, kept her in very good tune; if any of our readers wiſhes to try a tune with her, *he* muſt pay for it; but ſhe is not at all exorbitant in her demands, ſeldom wiſhing to turn money away.

Miſs Nancy D—v—s, No. 31, *Well's-ſtreet.*

Well pleas'd at the *frolic*, ſhe laugh'd at the pain,
And wiſh'd with more ardour, to try it again;
Which, when *handled* and *dandled*, and made fit for uſe,
She puſh'd with leſs pain, as the parts grew more looſe;
Then *upping* and *downing*, kind nature told how,
She cry'd over-raptur'd, it does not hurt now.

This was her confeſſion to her dear Mr. Wh—te, had ſhe leſs partiality for him, her friends in general would have a greater partiality for her; ſhe has a tolerable pretty mouth, we wiſh we could pay her teeth the ſame compliment; that mouth ſhe thinks ſerves as an index to its *couſin below*; to be ſure ſhe has learned the wrigling part of pleaſing, and would willingly make her gentlemen believe, when in the *heat* of the engagement, that he is giving her pain; but however large the *premiſes* may be, ſhe certainly has attained a very pleaſing method of *contracting them*, never meeting with one ſhe could not perfectly well accommodate, from an infant ſhoe

ſhoe to a *jack* boot. She is of the middling ſize, with dark hair and eyes; retains a good complexion without the aſſiſtance of rouge or pearl powder; is very lively and chearful, and as a converſation piece only, would make the time paſs away agreeable enough, being chearful and good humoured, with a pleaſant ſmile upon her countenance; will drink a chearful glaſs to George the third with pleaſure, and whilſt ſhe has the glaſs in one hand, has no objection to ſee his picture in the other; but ſooner than her dear man ſhould want, ſhe would retail her charms at five ſhillings an hour all day long.

Miſs K—lp—n.

Thoſe formal lovers be for ever curſt,
Who fetter'd free-born love with honour firſt;
Who through fantaſtic laws, are virtue's fools,
And againſt nature, will be ſlaves to rules.

We cannot pretend to ſay where this curious oddity lives, that being a circumſtance ſhe carefully conceals; and what is more extraordinary, ſhe never can be prevailed on to go into taverns or other houſes with a gentleman. To what

what purpoſe then (ſome reader may ſay) is ſhe inſerted here, if ſhe will not go into a houſe to diſpenſe her favors, nor is it known where ſhe is to be found? A little patience, good ſir, and you will be informed where ſhe is to be found, and how to procure her favours. If you walk on the right hand ſide of the way, from the corner of Cheapſide along St. Paul's Church-Yard, and thence to the bottom of Ludgate-Hill, juſt after ſunſet, and meet wirh a beautiful woman about twenty, tall and finely ſhaped, with fine black eyes, and hair of the ſame hue, that floats in curls down her back, and worn without powder, and a bewitching dimple in each cheek, you may give a ſhrewd gueſs you have found Miſs K—lp—n. Her dreſs is in general ſilk, ſometimes a pale blue, but oftener a black, and a large white ſattin cloak, trimmed and lined with rich brown fur; her head is in general bedecked with a blue beaver, with a profuſion of white feathers; and if on accoſting her, you are as much dazzled with her wit, her ſmart repartees, and her delicate agreeable raillery, as with her perſon and dreſs, you may be then abſolutely certain it is the lady.——But you may ſay, when found,

found, of what ſervice is it, when ſhe will neither take you home with her, nor go into any houſe with you? A little more patience, ſir, if you pleaſe, though ſhe refuſes to go into any *houſe* with you, are there not hackney coaches on every ſtand? we have not ſaid ſhe will deny entering one of them with you; that is if ſhe likes your perſon and converſation. And here let us add, no frothy coxcomb, no male adonis, conceited of his own dear perſon, no ſhoe ſtringed effeminate puppy, no inſipid empty chatterer, can hope to ſucceed with her.

If, reader, thou art neither of theſe, and ſhould meet with, and pleaſe Miſs K—lp—n, ſhe will take as length'ned a ride with you as you pleaſe; and if you have the prudence to draw up the blinds, ſhe will be as free as you pleaſe, and you may enjoy her charms, *Jehu* like, as long as you can. She is framed for love, and will melt like a ſnow ball in the ſun. She will embrace you with unfeigned rapture, open *all* her charms to receive your manly tribute, and perhaps appoint another meeting.

We have rather enlarged on this lady, on account of the ſingularity of her diſpoſition; and what will add to your won-

der is, that she never will receive any money, but take the offer as an affront. These circumstances make us conclude that K—lp—n, the name she has assumed sometimes, is not her real name, and that she is not a woman of the town, but some married city lady, who takes this method of getting home deficiencies supplied abroad, and, as she is cautious of her character, uses these precautions. By not going to any house, she avoids detection; by chusing none but those whose conversation is congenial to her own, she obliges none but men of sense and honour; and by her constantly refusing money, she demonstrates that love for love is her motto; that her love of the sport is her motive; perhaps she may have another reason for chusing a leathern conveniency as the scene of her delights. We have been told that the undulating motion of the coach, with the pretty little occasional jolts, contribute greatly to enhance the pleasure of the critical moment, if all matters are rightly placed. This she may have experienced, and therefore as pleasure is her search, no wonder she prefers every delicate addition to the gross sum.

Emma,

Emma, *at Mother Gray's*, No. 30, *Market-Lane, near the Opera Houſe.*

In the middle of me,
You plainly may ſee,
A thing that will ſuit every man;
And when you are in it,
The critical minute,
Enſure as faſt as you can.

A young tit of Mother Gr—y's own procuring, and that our reader ſhould not miſtake the old abbeſs, we will give a ſhort deſcription of her. If you chance to viſit her in the morning, the ſmell of yellow uſquebaugh will ſalute your noſtrils, of which ſhe takes copious draughts before breakfaſt. In all her actions ſhe ſhews the lewdneſs of a monkey, and the letchery of a goat; ſhe has lately been *fired* by P———, the French frizeur, but knowing the uſe of murcury, ſhe applied it in ſuch a manner that ſhe procured an effectual ſalivation, and enabled her to take into her houſe the ſame ſquinting gentleman that preſent acts as her *fine man*; ſhe boaſts of her knowledge of great men, and there is ſcarce a lord or duke in the land that has not been her *cull*.

We

We can but pity our little girl in queſtion for being ſo unhappily ſituated; ſhe is a charming ſprightly laſs, and ſo fond of kiſſing, and ſo perfect a miſtreſs in the art, that ſhe will frequently force nature to a diſſolving pitch, before the *right parts* come in proper contract; her livelineſs of diſpoſition, and activity in the ſports of Venus, make her ſo deſirable a bed-fellow, that her magic *ring* is as much ſought after as the philoſopher's ſtone; has good hair and teeth, a plump round firm breaſt, and confined merely as an object to ſenſual deſire, poſſeſſes every qualification a ſenſualiſt can deſire. She is to be met with every night at Sterling's, and being newly come on the town, and poſſeſſing too much innocence, as well as ignorance, to fight the world as ſhe ought, ſhe is frequently bilked; but this there is no doubt ſhe will ſoon get the better off, particularly if ſhe follows the precepts and advice of the old lady ſhe lives with.

Miſs Phœbe B—rn, No. 5, *Eagle-ſtreet, Red Lion Square.*

Behold her round the vine, in looſe attire,
Her panting boſom thrills with ſoft deſire,
Which white and firm invites the amorous hand,
And never fails to make the member ſtand;
Then to her couch ſhe'll lead the conquered boy,
Who in her feels a tickling pinching joy.

Biſhopſgate-ſtreet is the place that gave birth to this volatile charmer; her father moved in the ſphere of a hackney-coachman, and reared this daughter of Venus with no ſmall care, till ſhe attained her ſixteenth year, at which period, a young man about twenty wooed her, and ſhe did not repulſe him; but found his embraces ſo agreeable, that ſhe ſoon wiſhed for food more ſubſtantial than kiſſes; but then the thought of ſacrificing her character to her pleaſure was a bar not eaſily ſurmounted, but nature called ſo loud for its favorite *choak pear*, that ſhe reſolved to throw herſelf into the arms of the vigorous youth, and for the firſt time

ſuck the juice of the enchanting fruit; a few promiſes and vows of his, fully preponderated all her maiden niceties, and ſhe ſoon yielded to the giddy impulſe of her paſſion;

> She did not ſtay for marriage, that ſtale trick,
> But loſt her reputation for a ——;

but the cruel laceration that this firſt attack was productive of, obliged her to confine herſelf to her bed two days, and led her parents to the diſcovery of their daughter's ſhame, which ſo highly incenſed them, that they abandoned her to the world at large; and from this æra we may date her entrance into life. The *Kite*, in *Catherine-ſtreet*, firſt *ſwooped* upon her, and carried her to the *neſt* as a fine prey, and ſhe was not miſtaken; ſhe proved ſuch, and for ſix months never was in want of *culls*; at the end of this time ſhe deſerted the mother abbeſs, took apartments in Glanville-ſtreet, and traded on her own *bottom*, where ſhe figured away with tolerable grace for three months, and then removed to her preſent ſituation. She is diminitive in

ſize,

ſize, with fine black eyes, large firm, and full breaſts, a handſome mouth, pretty curling brown ringlets, and delicate little hands; a very pretty leg and foot, which is at all times ready to divide and *houſe* its old friend, at the very low price of one ounce of ſilver.

Miſs Charlotte C—tt—n, No. 34, *King-ſtreet, Soho.*

——The ſelf ſame cates
Still offer'd, ſoon the appetite offend;
The moſt delicious ſooneſt.

How happy would it be for the author of this anniverſary publication, could he procure a friend to new chriſten the features, that the reader might with leſs fatigue go through this heap of tautology, but as that end is not yet accompliſhed, we muſt ſteer according to the old line,

An eye muſt ſtill be an eye, and a tooth a tooth;

both of which our young Venus, who has juſt reached her ſeventeenth year, poſſeſſes in a ſuperlative degree. She ſtrongly points to your imagination a caſket of orient

orient pearls, the former of two living diamonds, whoſe language ſo forcibly invite the blind boy to the happy cloyſter, that there is ſeldom many fleeting moments before an almoſt involuntary attack muſt be made. Her heaving breaſts foretell the *coming* joy; the *liquid eye* declares it nearer ſtill; the *interrupted ſigh*, the ſudden *guſh*, if preſſure and *involuntary twiſt* of the limbs ſpeaks a *flowing* of the *tide*, and the critical oh! bids the ſilly pen defiance to expreſs. She is of a good ſize, and well form'd, of a lively and ſweet diſpoſition, has been but a ſhort time in life, and has beautiful dark hair;

Her eye brows arch'd, and rather full than thin,
To ſhade the dazzling light that dwells within.

She has met with many admirers, but ſhowing lately too great a partiality for the gentleman whoſe name ſhe aſſumes, (a horſe jockey) ſhe has lately ſunk a little in the world; his late inconſtancy, however, has wrought ſo powerfully upon her, that ſhe is now ſoliciting the favours and ſupport of her old friends; ſhe is of a good ſize, and well made, of a lively and ſweet diſpoſition; loves a glaſs of Madeira, but never takes a glaſs in one

one hand without having prudence in the other, and is particularly careful that the effects of Bacchus ſhall not prevent the more ſenſible joys of Venus. Two pounds two ſhillings is her price to ſtrangers, but if a very old and good acquaintance, ſhe will not refuſe half the ſum.

Miſs Cl—rk, No. 116, *Wardour-ſtreet.*

If any wench Venus's girdle wears,
Altho' ſhe be ever ſo ugly,
Roſes and lilys will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous ſmugly.

In ſome reſpect Miſs C—— verifies this remark of Mr. Gay, for very little elſe than her wearing Venus's girdle can invite any to admire ſo plain a countenance; ſhe is tall and luſty, with dark hair and eyes, a very indifferent ſet of teeth, and a very flat face; ſhe is now twenty-five, has followed the trade ſome years, and never refuſes any ſum ſcarce that is offered her.

Miſs

Miſs W—ls—n, No 1, *Little-court, Caſtle-ſtreet, Leiceſter fields.*

Nature for meat and drink provides a place,
And when receiv'd they fill their certain ſpace;
Hence *thirſt* and *hunger* may be ſatisfy'd,
But this repletion is to love deny'd.

This pretty piece of animation wants not the aid of art to make her ſhine one of the moſt conſpicuous in the liſt of trading nymphs; altho' ſhe cannot be called very handſome, ſtill ſhe is a fine girl, and nature has ſufficiently furniſh'd her with thoſe beauties the niceſt hand of art would only deface. Her want of pride (which is in this age a very rare perfection) ſets off to ſuperior advantage every feature; her goodneſs of temper and diſpoſition acts as a ſecurity to her moſt valuable acquaintance, and her juſtneſs of principle gains her the eſteem of all who have the happineſs of knowing her. She is the daughter of a gentleman who holds a conſiderable place under government, has had a genteel education, and ſeems quite untainted with the vices of the town; her great attachment to Mr. J—n, of the theatre, is a bar to her ſeeing much company; with them that has the good fortune to ſleep with her, will find

ſhe

ſhe ſtill enjoys the pleaſure without the leaſt ſatiety; no licenc'd fair during the honey moon can charm with more rapture, or feel the poignant bliſs with more extacy; every inviting motion is us'd, every limb employ'd, to make the dying tranſports meet. Her own home is the place where ſhe in general ſees her company, and every viſitor that paſſes the night in her arms, ſhe expects will make her two guineas richer.

Mrs. Eliza W—bſt—r, No. 13, *John-Street, Tottenham-Court-Road.*

Fancy itſelf, e'en in enjoyment, is
But a dumb judge, and cannot tell its bliſs.

Mrs. W—bſt—r is the daughter of a gentleman, deceaſed, has received a good education, which ſhe improves by an excellent natural underſtanding; her age is twenty-one, her figure tall, and every limb elegantly proportioned; ſhe poſſeſſes an agreeable face, but we will not flatter her by calling it a pretty one, being too thinly formed to conſtitute beauty, and too much pitted with the ſmall pox to be ſtiled handſome; ſtill ſhe commands

commands a beautiful pair of dark eyes, which give a moſt pleaſing, amorous expreſſion to her whole countenance, and makes her, tho' not a pretty, ſtill a very deſirable girl; ſhe poſſeſſes a lively and entertaining manner, with an affable diſpoſition, and refined delicate ſentiments, which has lately very much been abuſed by the brutality of her late keeper, Mr. K—d, well known at Garraway's coffee houſe, for the lowneſs of his birth, and ſtill greater meanneſs of his ſentiments. He was ſome time ſince a corn-factor, but has now relinquiſhed that, and now all his buſineſs, delight, and employment, ſeems to be that of perſecuting Mrs. W——. In the courſe of laſt ſummer he arreſted her for the paltry ſum of twenty-five pounds, which, from the natural conſequences of not paying immediately, amounted to ſixty pounds, and upwards. Indeed, could the whole conduct of this old r—l be ſummed up, it would be impoſſible to deſcribe his cruelty to Mrs. W. which proceeds merely from his reſolution not to live with a wretch, whoſe cruelty, and her own diſpoſition, obliges her to deſpiſe. It is from ſuch kind of uſage as this that has taught Mrs. W. prudence

and

and discretion in all her engagements with the men, nor will she ever admit a visitor to take any liberties, without first knowing the value he sits on her company; and from the appearance which her present keeper enables her to make, she expects to be something considerable.

Mrs. Sp—nc—r, No. 35, *Newman-Street, Oxford-Road.*

Wine whets the wit, improves its native force,
And gives a pleasant flavour to discourse.

This is fully verified in Mrs. S. who is never so good a companion as when a *little* enlivened with the juice of the grape, but, always guided by prudence and discretion, she never goes so far as to render herself the least unpleasant. Her figure is tall, elegant, and stately.

Her full orb'd chest lie open to the gale,
And teach the lily whiteness in the vale.

Her legs and feet are particularly neat and clean; she sings a good song, is a very good friend to mirth and good humour, and always steers clear of vulga-

rity. She is now in her twentieth year, poſſeſſed of every charm that encouraging age can boaſt, and but a very few months has left Hampſhire; we therefore think two guineas beſtowed upon her cannot be regretted.

Miſs C—rb—t, No. 16, *Goodge-ſtreet.*

Panting ſhe lay, and fetch'd long double ſighs,
Whilſt with thick miſts pleaſure had dimm'd her eyes.

Some girls have been debauched by deluſive arts, and under promiſes of marriage, and others have commenced harlots through want, but neither of theſe motives actuated this lady's principles; it was mere lewdneſs that overpowered all nature's works, and ſtamped the principles of conjunction and copulation at a very early period: Ere twelve ſummers had warmed her conſtitution, ſhe learned the uſe of different machines, and felt the effects of friction as ſoon as ſhe had any genial fluid within her. Who firſt ſtamped her virgin mould, we are at a loſs to tell, but from the luxuriance of the

the preſent ſoil, gueſs it was broke open at an early period. She is a very luſcious looking piece, with dark eyes and hair, a very good complexion, tall, and genteely formed, with a charming ſlender leg, and a pretty foot, which ſhe never troubles the gentlemen to ſtoop very low to have a perfect view of. She is very good natured, ſings a good ſong, and is in bed a charming companion, particularly at this ſeaſon of the year; for ſhe is deſirous of having every part in contact the whole night. In regard to price, ſhe has one fixed rule; ſhe always meaſures a gentleman's *may-pole* by a ſtandard of *nine inches*, and expects a guinea for every inch it is ſhort of full meaſure.

Miſs G—rd—ner, No. 47, *Union-ſtreet, Oxford ſtreet.*

She thruſt among the buſhes her fair hand,
To draw the plant; and every plant ſhe drew,
She ſhook the ſtalk, and bruſh'd away the dew.

This lady's character anſwers exceedingly well to her name, being exquiſitely well ſkilled in the art of *raiſing* plants in a *hot-bed*; this ſhe practices on her own

bottom,

bottom, but ſtill wiſhes for a *partner* to be concerned in the buſineſs. Her perſon is pleaſing, ſhe has the *roſes* in her cheeks, encircled with beds of never fading *lilys*; is as ſtrait as a pine of two years growth, though not quite ſo tall; her locks ſhine like black maiden hair, and ſhe is as full of juice as *a ripe amber gooſe-berry*; ſhe takes a guinea to be *engrafted* upon, and is a very agreeable ſprig of *hare-hound*. She is much eſteemed by the lovers of *planting*, for having a beautiful ſhow of *navel wort*, and her fondneſs for *rampions* and *amber vitæ*, ſhe deſpiſes *fool-ſtones*, *cuckow pintle*, *Jews ears*, or *birch*; but particularly likes *Adam's Apple-tree*, *ſenſitive plant*, *ſtich-wort*, *nutmegs*, and ſuch valuable productions. To all ſuch ſhe is free, for her *lips* opens her *lady's mantle*, encloſes them in her *convolvulus*, pours down a whole volley of *ſeed*, and never quits them whilſt they have a *drop* of *ſap*.

Miſs Louiſa M-nſ-n, No. 12, *Wells-ſtreet*.

What various charms can M-nſ-n boaſt,
By nature thus befriended;
Whoſe legs impart a charm when croſs'd,
And charming when extended.

Obſerve her well, the oblique glance, the laſcivious look, the frequent heave of the

the breaſts fully ſpeak her inward feelings ; but can any of our readers account for her immoderate fondneſs for ſugar plumbs ? it muſt certainly be that that induced her to take the famous little Jemmy B—tl—r into her train, the *upper mouth* he keeps conſtantly ſupplied with its favourite food ; but we fear *Jemmy* has not parts ſufficient to ſupply the *lower* with a tenth part of *its* neceſſary food. She therefore ſolicits the favours of the good natured public for the neceſſary ſupplies to that inchanting ſpot. She is of a good ſize, and every limb well proportioned. Knowing the beauty of her hand and arm, ſhe takes particular care they ſhall not paſs unnoticed for want of being ſeen; convinced of the delicate proportion of her leg and foot, ſhe is very careful their covering ſhall not diſcredit them, and has a pleaſing knack of keeping them conſtantly expoſed to ſight ; and being taught by the eyes of her admirers the influence her neck and breaſts command, ſhe covers them with ſo thin a veil, that the ſmalleſt blue branch is eaſily diſcovered ; her eyes ſhe cannot hide, nor does ſhe wiſh it; they are plain indications

of nature's central ſpot, and beam with all the fire of the *enchanting ſpot*. Two guineas is her price, and ſhould Jemmy be there he muſt retire if ſhe thinks fit.

Mrs. Antr—b—s, No. 8, *Liſle-ſtreet, Leiceſter-Fields.*

——--What woman, when
Her blood boils up, and wantons in her veins,
When her hot panting pulſe beats to the joy;
What woman then would quench her generous flame
In an inactive tedious huſband's arms,
That fires and jades our expectation
In the firſt ſtretch of love; then duly falls
To his old trot, and drudges out the courſe?

Altho' we cannot aſſert that this lady is actually married, we can with truth venture to affirm there are many that have entered the matrimonial circle, that does not poſſeſs the ſame degree of conſtancy for their huſbands, as this lady does for her generous keeper. He is to be ſure an Hibernian gentleman and a captain, two powerful inducements, or rather compellers, to her keeping within

within bounds; the first being generally passionate and cruel when irritated, and the profession of the latter is, we must imagine, a powerful bar. But still she is not impregnable, and where a gentleman (for that he must be) possesses the proper means, there is not much doubt of his success; flattery is a bait that few females can withstand, let every word and action be well cloathed in her richest garb; this incense must be offer'd at the shrine with pains, perseverance, honour, secrecy, and liberality joined with it, and when she is thoroughly convinced that you possess all these requisites, she will unfold her *haven* of delight, and put you in possession of such charms that would not disgrace a monarch's couch; her tell-tale lascivious eye acts as a charming index to that unquenchable flame that fills the whole frame, and swallows up the other senses; she is rather short, but admirably well made, and when once convinced of the *honour* and parts of her paramour, gives such a loose to her unbounded appetite, that very few of the Cyprian choir can match her.

Miss

Miſs H—ll—n, No. 2, *Glanville-ſtreet.*

Oh ſhe is all the heart would wiſh, or eye admire,
The pureſt child of love by beauty fir'd;
Whom but to love, need only but to ſee,
To ſee, admire, ſuch heaven born ſymmetry;
To touch, to feel, ah, there's the potent hold
That chains the will, and molds the ſnowy heart
To love's delightful glow; the milky hills
Half riſing, half ſuppreſſ'd, with glowing ardor
Aſk corporeal preſſure, and invite
The *carnal weapon* to its burning ſheath.

This lady, in conſequence of a trivial fall out with her parents, (which by the bye ſhe had long ſought for) left her home, and fluſhed with all the fire of youth impetuous; burning with every deſire the young hand of luſt could create, and ſtill a ſtranger, except in idea, to the grand *ſubduer* of their fires, ſhe ſought this expanded field of delight, nor ſought in vain; her youth and perſon ſoon attracted the eye of an old male veteran in our band, and her innocence and ſimplicity were ſoon overpowered, her maiden honours plucked, and all her virgin claims at once lie dead. The lively girl in queſtion is now entering her ſixteenth year, has only been four

months

months on the town, the thinly *covered* grot below has therefore not yet ſufficiently felt the general influence of its much ſought for *acquaintance*, to be very thickly covered, ſtill ſhe thinks it proof againſt any attack, nor fears to meet the moſt vigorous, tho' deſtitute of every other weapon. She is rather darkly complexioned, with fine hazel eyes, is ſhort, and inclinable to be luſty, and as pretty a leg and foot as man would wiſh to divide, which any good natured man, with two guineas in his pocket that he has no objection to ſpare, may lie between the whole livelong night, and taſte all the raptures he can poſſibly expect to meet with, in one as yet ſo untutored in the art.

Madam D—ſl—z, No. 46, *Frith-ſtreet, Soho.*

Si javois pour heritage,
Le treſor le plus charmant,
Je vous en donnerois en gage,
Et mon cœur pour un preſent.

It is only ſix months that this lady has left her native country, and at preſent ſpeaks

ſpeaks very little Engliſh. She is young and lively, (but ſtill does not ſeem to poſſeſs ſo much vivacity as the majority of her countrywomen ;) ſhe loves to revenge her countrymen's cauſe on the Engliſh, by doing what the moſt valorous Frenchman would never effect, that is, to bring Britons on their knees ; ſhe is now about twenty-two, rather ſhort and fat, with a plump face, and ſuch a roguiſh lear in her eye, that cannot be reſiſted. Several of our brave officers have ſpent ſome of their *beſt blood* in her ſervice, and regretted they had no more to *ſhed*. Her lovely dark hair ſeems like a net to catch lovers, and her lower tendrils, which ſport on her alabaſter mount of Venus, are formed to give delight. She has one qualification which many Engliſh girls want, which is a certain cleanlineſs in the Netherlands. They are contented to waſh their faces, necks, and hands ; but Mademoiſelle, like many of her countrywomen, thinks that not enough ; ſhe performs conſtant ablutions on the gulph of pleaſure, and keeps it conſtantly freſh, cool, and clean, never putting a morſel into that mouth, till ſhe has fully abſterged every poſſible remnant of the laſt meal. She conſtantly mounts

her

her *bidet*, and with a large ſponge laves the whole extent of the pariſh of the mother of all ſaints. Some may, perhaps, think her a female ſpy, or a ſmuggler; but ſurely a girl, who ſo freely diſcloſes her own ſecrets, can have no improper aim at thoſe of government; and her commodity cannot be pronounced as contraband when it hath ſo often been duly entered.

She dreſſes quite in the French ſtile and taſte, lays on a profuſion of rouge and pearl powder, and is not particularly partial to money, but will condeſcend to take a couple of guineas, *not as payment, but ſolely as, 'une gage d'amour.*

Miſs Emma Ell—-tt, No. 8, *Action-ſtreet, Gray's-Inn-Lane.*

Our ſouls their former joys renew,
We raiſe new ſport, and wanton jeſting;
Our eyes eachothers charms review,
In every form of love conteſting.
At laſt, our body's warm'd with mutual fire,
To prove each others aid to join in one conſpire.

This truly lovely woman is about twenty, and, whilſt ſhe remains in a ſtate

ſtate of ſilence, commands every attracting charm the heart of man can wiſh; ſhe ſpeaks French tolerably well, and ſings inimitably; ſhe has now trod the path of love four years, during which time pretty Emma has experienced every viciſſitude the cruel hand of fortune could poſſibly inflict. At preſent Mr. B. a merchant, in Caſtle-Court, is the gentleman from whom ſhe derives her principal ſupport; ſhe has fine blue melting eyes, with an aquiline noſe, and a very pretty mouth, when her tongue is inactive, but when once ſhe gives a looſe to that unruly member, ſhe pours forth ſuch a torrent of blackguardiſm that ſhall deſtroy every attracting feature, and ſpoil one of the moſt deſirable looking girls in the *Cyprian market*. Our damſel is therefore the moſt agreeable looking girl when aſleep; in bed ſhe is truly amorous, and a charming ſportſwoman, and when one ſtrain is finiſhed, cries, *da capo*, with a good grace, for which ſhe expects five guineas.

Miſs

Miſs T—ſ—n, No. 2, *Glanville-Street.*

Had love's fair goddeſs been ſo ſtrong in charms,
Raſh Diomede had dropt his vent'rous arms;
No ſhameful victory the Greek had won,
But had a thouſand wounds receiv'd inſtead of giving one.

This tit bit is not above ſixteen, rather ſhort, but pretty, having an excellent complexion, with fine blue eyes, light hair, and a very white, and regular ſet of teeth. Altho' ſhe has not been ſix months upon the *Pave de Londres*, (having received a complete education, has learnt to dance, ſpeak French, and play upon the guittar; and has likewiſe been initiated into all the myſteries of the Cyprian ſchool; having read *les Bejoux Indiſcrets*; the *Woman of Pleaſure*; Rocheſter's Poems;) ſhe is *au fait de tout.* Add to this, ſhe has often viewed with rapture all *Aretin's* poſtures, and longed for the practice, as well as the theory. No wonder then that ſhe ſhould be inclined to give delight in every poſſible attitude, and has no kind of objection to yield, with becoming modeſty, to take a *coup* à la *levrette.* She is at preſent in keeping by a citizen, who has ſuffered

her to assume his name, but is always pleased when Mr. T. is not with her, to accommodate any gentleman in her *pretty apartment* a whole night, for which she expects two guineas.

Miss Harriet B—r—n, No. 8, *Tavistock-row.*

In framing thee, heav'n took unusual care,
And stampt thee fairest of the *Cretan* fair.

There is something so very engaging in the person of this lady, that those gentlemen, who once visit her, seldom or ever fail repeating it. In her deportment she is free and open, without the least tinge of affectation, in size rather below mediocrity, fine dark hair, and bewitching black eyes; a complexion between the fair and brunette: her features are remarkably delicate, and, conjunctively taken, fully verifies the Poet.

None can observe her features but approve,
There's grace with beauty, dignity with love.

Her breasts are finely proportioned, and delicately moulded for love's tender attack, and swell and recede the melting language

guage of the heart; the *grove beneath*, delicately ſhaded by a *ſable thicket*, is fraught with all its proper ſenſibility, and, well knowing the value of her charms, ſhe is not one that can be ſported with, nor will ſhe ſuffer any liberty beyond the ſtricteſt bounds of decency to take place, without the payment of one piece before hand.

Miſs W—ll—ms, No. 3, *Glanville-ſtreet.*

Firm breaſts, white belly, and ſuch thighs,
Gaze ghaſtly envy, and forget her ſize.

This lady's affable temper, and engaging diſpoſition, fully compenſates for her ſize, which is rather diminutive, and the innumerable beauties of her face, when put in competition with this deficiency, ought entirely to efface the ſmalleſt idea of it. From her youth we might be led to imagine her deficient in the practice of love, but we can aſſure our readers he will meet but few in the *cyprian field* that will ſhew better ſport; her hair is a beautiful gloſſy dark brown; her eye brows finely arch'd, and of the

ſame hue, which, contraſted by a pair of beautiful cerulean eyes, and cheeks of living roſes and lilies, places her in the rank of firſt rate beauties,

Her riſing breaſts two hillocks are of ſnow,
On which two little fragrant roſe buds grow;

below which deſcends the ſmooth tract of a belly, which conveys to the mind an idea of animated ivory, at the bottom of which is diſplay'd a lovely cheſnut fringe, terminated by a pouting *ſlaſh hole*, which is far from being inſenſible to the raptures of its *griſly antagoniſt*, and with pleaſure *opens* its *mouth* to receive his well erected creſt, who *enters* with his accuſtomed pride, but ſoon returns with *fallen head*, as if conſcious of its preſumption; but the *miſtreſs* of this formidable *enemy* is well acquainted with the means of reſtoring life to the *vanquiſhed member*, but only to make it more ſenſible of its inability. Mercenary views are far from what ſhe aims at; ſhe can give and receive a *luſcious* ſhare of the pleaſures of *copulation*; but beginning to know the accuſtom'd ways of the baſer ſort of men, and not being always confident of the honour of her *paramour*, if he is a ſtranger,

ſtranger, ſhe muſt receive her compliment of half a guinea, or a guinea, according to the length of the intended viſit, before ſhe proceeds to any kind of buſineſs.

Miſs Fanny H—nl—y, No 14, *King-ſtreet, Saint James's Square.*

Her every thought, and wiſhes, and deſires,
Agree with yours, and burn with mutual fires.

This merry little lively tit appears to be about ſixteen, and is never to be met without a ſmile upon her countenance, and a friſky ſong at her tongue's end; ſhe is very ſhort, a brunette in complexion, with a luſtfully ſparkling eye, and jetty ringlets down her back. The ſiſter hills, with their bewitching coral pinnacles, are irreſtibly firm, and ſpeak their ſilent language very forcibly to the heart. The grove beneath, ſhading the font of life, is dreſt in ſable, and ſecures the *internal manſion* from any ſudden *attack*. She is generally very expeditious in dying, therefore we would adviſe her antagoniſt to puſh the warm con-

eſt with agility, or it will not be a *dead* heat; ſhe is a very willing and amorous bedfellow, never againſt repetition, and ſuch a good natur'd, and good temper'd creature, that ſhe ſeems to ſay to every one,

With thee ſecur'd,—I'd ſmile at fortune's frowns,
And all her threats defy,—nor court her ſmiles.

Miſs Jenny K—b—rd, No. 33, *Northumberland-ſtreet, Strand.*

You gaulky ſteeple, you ſtalking ſtag,
Your huſband muſt come, from Brobdignag,

It is a pity that ſo noble a piece could not be preſerved ſolely for the uſe of his Majeſty's Grenadiers; ſhe is more than ſix foot; ſhe is now about twenty-five, poſſeſſes an elegance in her perſon, (we wiſh we could pay the ſame compliment to her actions) light hair and eyes, which are continually lighted up by the all powerful brandy bottle; as ſhe excells in the height of ſtature ſo is ſhe the height of good nature, for ſhe never refuſes any gentleman

gentleman her favors, that has any money in his pocket; ſhe is ſurely too the height of vulgarity, for ſhe will come her *eyes and limbs*, with any lady from Billingſgate, or Jack tar from Wapping; but her greateſt fault, and what makes more diſguſting her other imperfections, is her violent attachment to drinking; ſhe generally contrives to pin her baſket completely by nine o'clock; then ſhe ſwears moſt abominably, and is as great a proficient in barefaced indecency, as Meſſalina of antient Rome. We therefore ſet her up as a beacon; in ſpite of all, when ſhe pleaſes, ſhe can be a good companion, and ſpeaks the Engliſh language remarkably well; ſhe is never denied to any one, except Mr. G. a watchmaker, in the city, ſhould be engaged with her, he being her particular friend.

Mrs. Charlotte F—ne, No. 41, *King Street, Soho.*

To tell the beautie's of the place,
How weak is human tongue;
The noble fringes which it grace,
In golden ringlets hung.

Charlotte received a good education, and was once far above the perambulating

lating claſs of nymphs, and might, perhaps, have remained ſo, had not her violent attachment to the curs'd buckle and belt ſociety, rendered her diſguſting in the eyes of all her friends; Mr. G—bl—t, brother to a tallow chandler, of Carnaby-Market, took particular notice of her, and removed her once from her hated crew, allowed her a tolerable proviſion, and would have continued her friend, had not her rage for the old ſociety made him forfeit his eſteem. She is now rather in the wane, having ſeen at leaſt twenty-eight ſummers, tall, and very well proportioned; her complexion is but indifferent, but, being a native of Germany, is not to be wondered at; ſhe ſpeaks French alſo, but we cannot get her to confeſs ſhe has been ten years on the town, unleſs you pay her a *guinea fee* for confeſſing.

Mrs. W—tp—l, No. 2, *Poland-Street*, *Oxford-Street*.

She ſmil'd, and gave a kiſs might Jove diſarm,
And from his hand the brandiſhed thunder charm.

If this good natured willing girl ſhould chance to be engaged herſelf, ſhe will with

with the greateſt pleaſure provide her gentleman with another companion; ſhe is a genteel woman, and a very chearful companion, completely miſtreſs of the ſport, and can *turn* and *twiſt* in all the enchanting folds of love, and preſs you to her breaſt,

In all the extatic raptures of a lover;

will enjoy, or ſeem to enjoy, every *high toned* ſenſation; will bend eagerly to meet the *ſucculent ſhower* of bliſs, and repeat the amorous conteſt as frequently as you pleaſe, being firſt *convinced* that you will make her a guinea richer in the morning.

Mrs. Gr—ff—n, *near Union-Stairs, Wapping.*

This is a comely woman, about forty, and boaſts ſhe can give more pleaſure than a dozen raw girls. Indeed ſhe has acquired great experience, in the courſe of twenty years ſtudy, in *natural philoſophy*, in the univerſity of Portſmouth, where ſhe was long the ornament of the back of the point. She is perfectly miſtreſs of

of all her actions, and can proceed regularly from the dart of her tongue, and the ſoft tickle of her hand, to the extatic ſqueeze of her thighs; the enchanting twine of her legs; the elaborate ſuction of her lower lips, and the melting flood of delight, with which ſhe conſtantly bedews the *moſſy root* of the tree of *life*, and waſhes the teſtimonies of manhood; tho' paſt her meridian, ſhe is ſtill agreeable; her eyes are black as well as her hair, of which ſhe has an abundance both above and below, her breaſts are large but not flabby, and her ſkin is fair. Five ſhillings is her price, and ſhe earns it with great induſtry: but if her lover ſeems capable of prolonging the *delicious banquet*, and is remarkably well provided, ſhe will abate *weight* for *inches*. Her chief and beſt cuſtomers are ſea officers, whom ſhe particularly likes, as they do not ſtay long at home, and always return fraught with love and preſents.

Mademoiſelle

Madamoiſelle Du Par, No. 19, *Carliſle-ſtreet, Scho.*

Dieux ; qu'a t-il vu, que d'appas enchanteurs !
Sous un boſquet, d'ou coule une fountaine,
Ou chaque mois le doux printemps ramene ;
Pour nos plaiſirs, l'abondance & les fleurs,
It voit un trou, le joli precipice ;
Ce n'etact point le trou de ſaint Patrice.

This lady has lately been a teacher in a French boarding ſchool, but taking a liking to a young Clergyman in the neighbourhood, ſhe made a conjunction of calvaniſm with the eſtabliſhed church, and he propagated the goſpel in her *foreign parts* with great aſſiduity ; but her immoderate love of the ſport, after having once taſted the power of the *Britiſh conſtitution*, ſpeedily brought her to our market, here to her great diſcredit and loſs ſhe has form'd a connection with a boy by the name of N—wb—y, brother to the noted attorney well known as a flaſh man among the ladies, and one whoſe principles will not bear the ſtricteſt ſcrutiny. She is a tall, genteel looking figure,

figure, ſpeaks Engliſh pretty well, fine dark eyes and hair, a tolerable complexion, thanks to Mr. Warren, who occaſionally fills up thoſe indentions the ſmall pox has been buſy in making, and makes her a deſirable piece enough. Her low countries are ſaid to be of ample dimenſions, and ſhe is ſo publick ſpirited, that ſhe makes no diſtinction of perſons or nations; but will ſay, *je vous remercie*, to any man for the ſmalleſt piece of gold.

Miſs W—rn—r, at Mrs. Wood's, *Liſle-Street, Leiceſter-Fields.*

Embrace me cloſe, and join thy lips to mine,
There's no ſecurity in other joys;
Here happineſs is rivetted alone;
Here nothing fades, nothing decays, the ſweets
Immortal are, and never ceaſe to ſpring.

This is a fine girl, lately come from Cambridge, and juſt dancing into her twentieth year, we have known her but a very little time, but from her complexion, which is bordering on the brunette,

brunette; her lively hazel eyes, and the lovely pouting orbs of nature, we can venture to affirm her no bad ſportſwoman; the *grove beneath* is beautifully border'd by a *ſable fringe*, the *ruby portals* of which when unfolded, diſplay the *coral tipt janitor* ſtrutting in all the luſcious meſs of full fraught womanhood, and will ſafely conduct the well erected engine into the harbour of delight, and bath him, in the choiceſt ſweets of nature, for two pounds, two ſhillings.

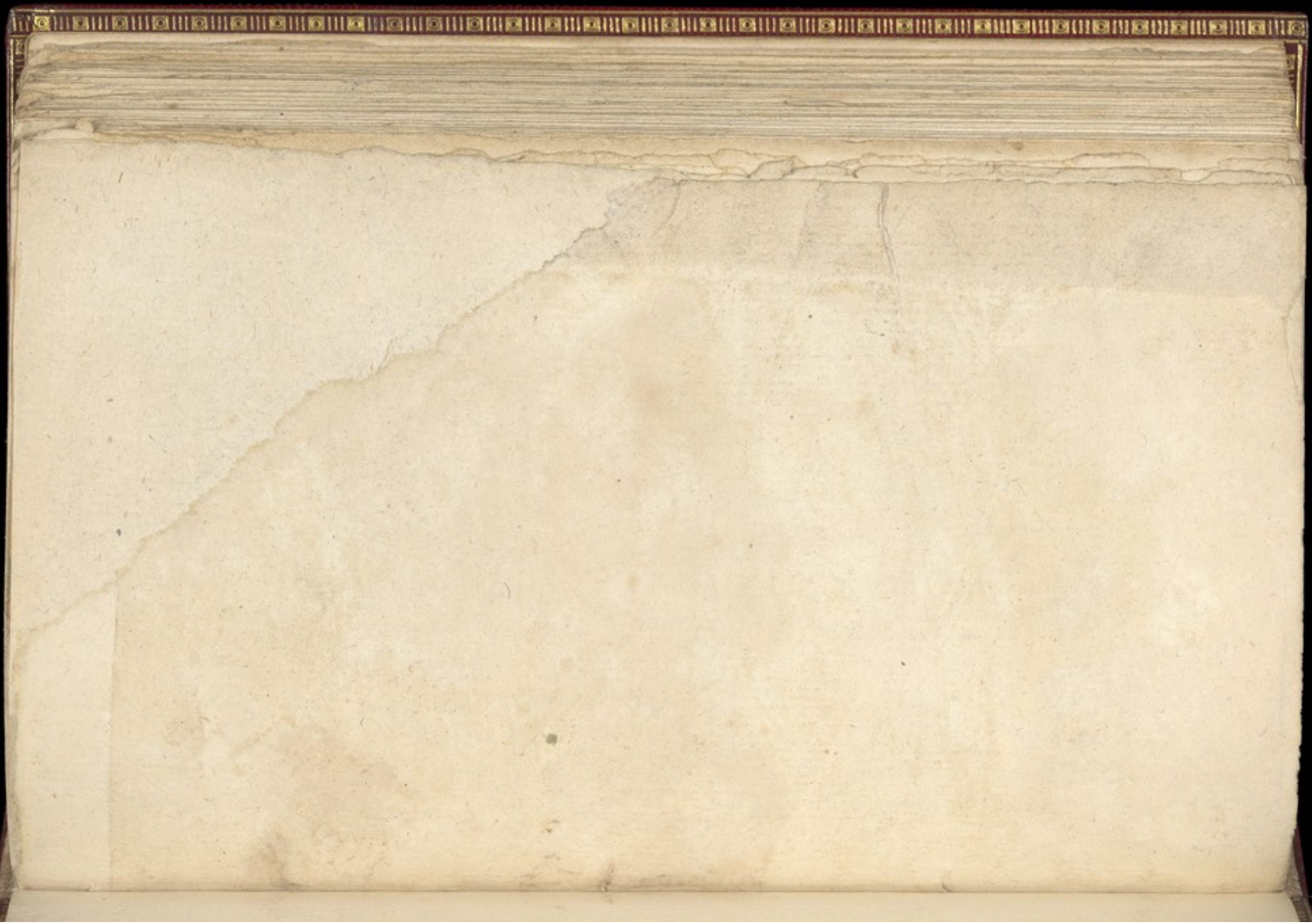
WE muſt now bid adieu to our courteous reader, and wiſh him every ſucceſs that youth, health, love, and wine can poſſibly inſpire him with; hoping, at the ſame time, that they will throw a friendly veil over all the unavoidable errors that may have happen'd in this work, and excuſe that diſagreeable tautology, which, for want of other words, we are neceſſitated to make, and not to be diſpleas'd if they find the ſame ladies in this liſt that appear'd before in other names; for, as their reſidence is chang'd as often as their names, it is almoſt impoſſible but ſome ſuch miſtakes muſt happen; and hope that the attention that is now paid to the procuring the beſt and moſt reſpectable, will wipe off every other blot.

We likewiſe take leave of the ladies, and are particularly happy to think that what was formerly ſeen in the eyes of *our* world a diſgrace, is now conſidered pleaſing, delightful, and honourable.

F I N I S.

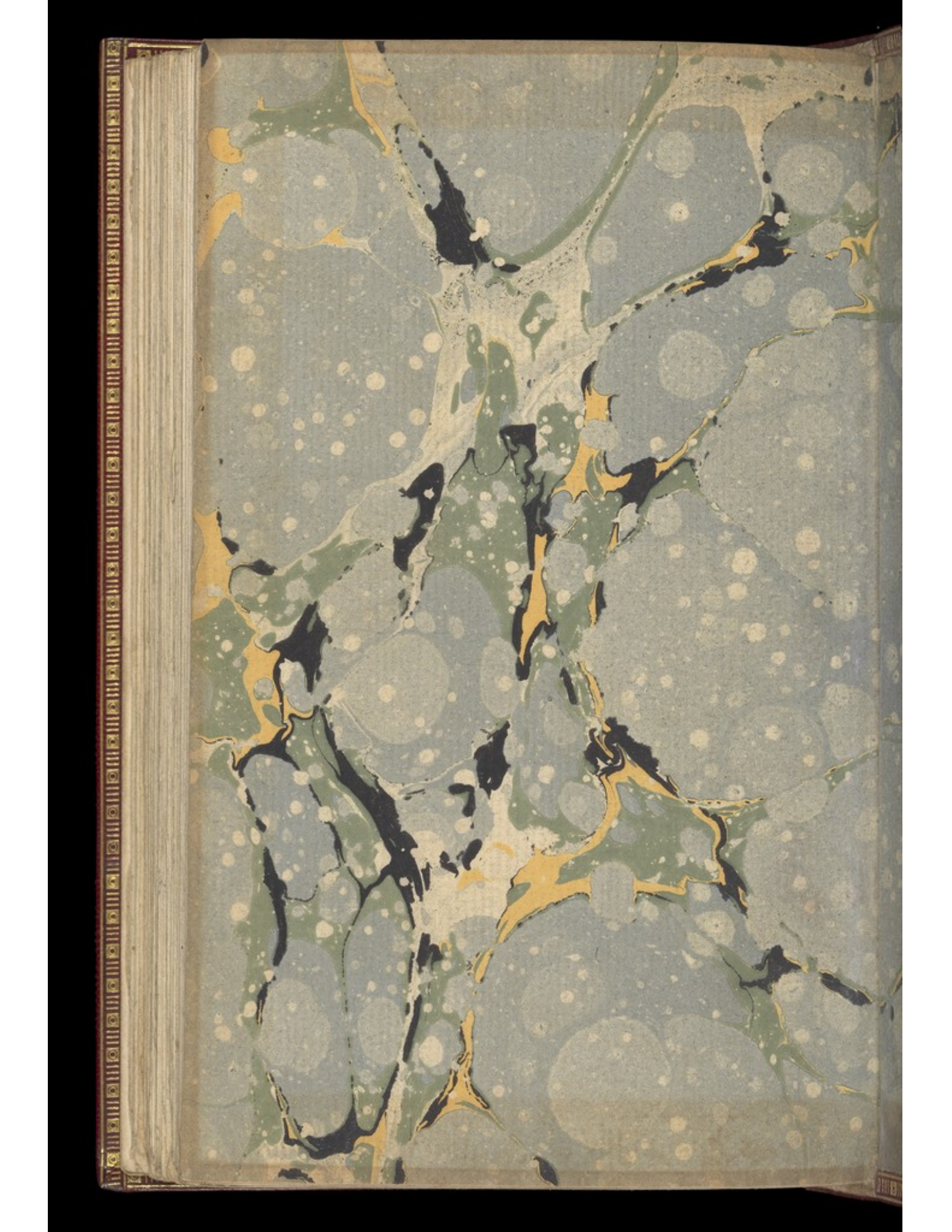
#1052.

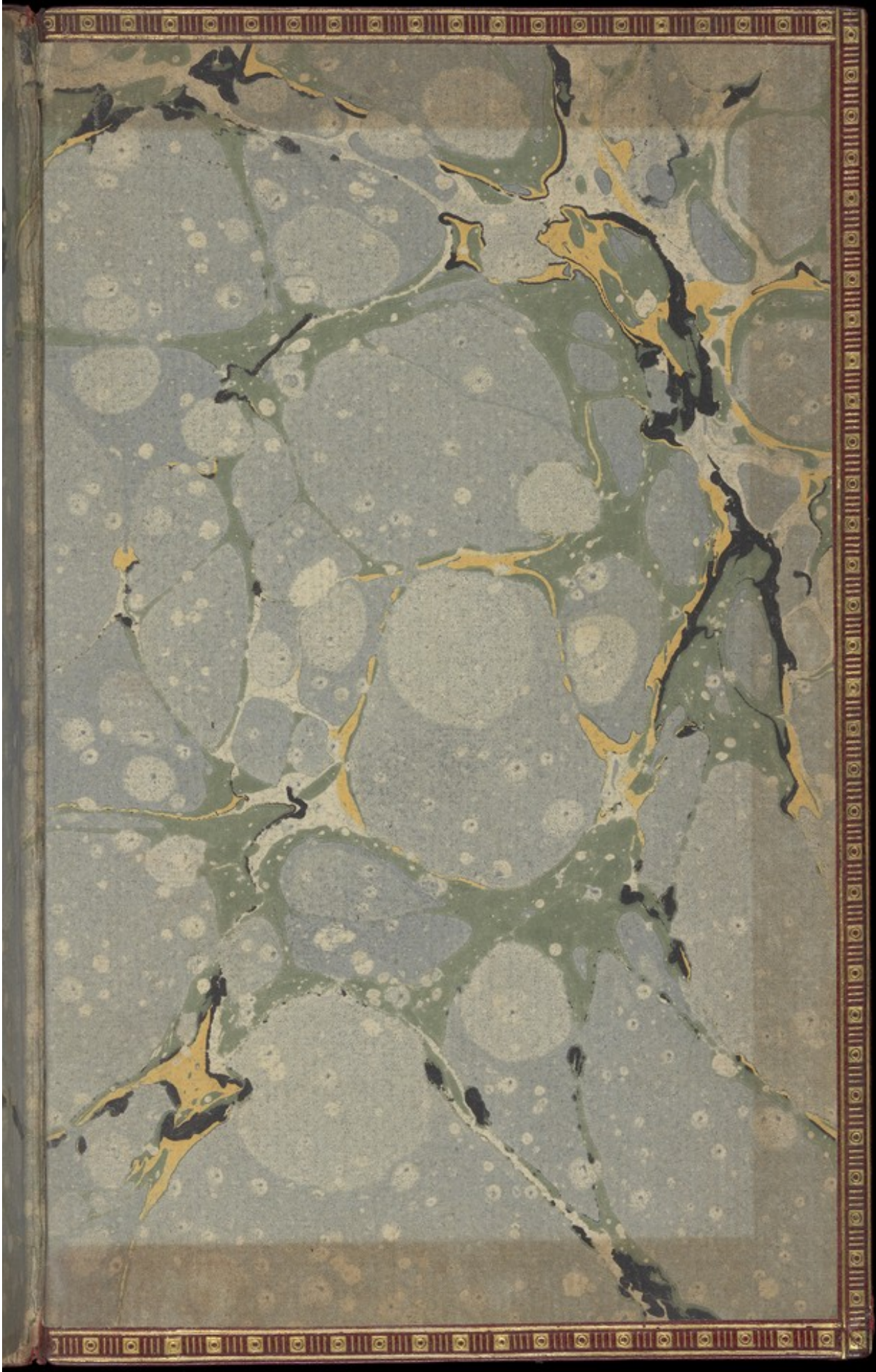
48-



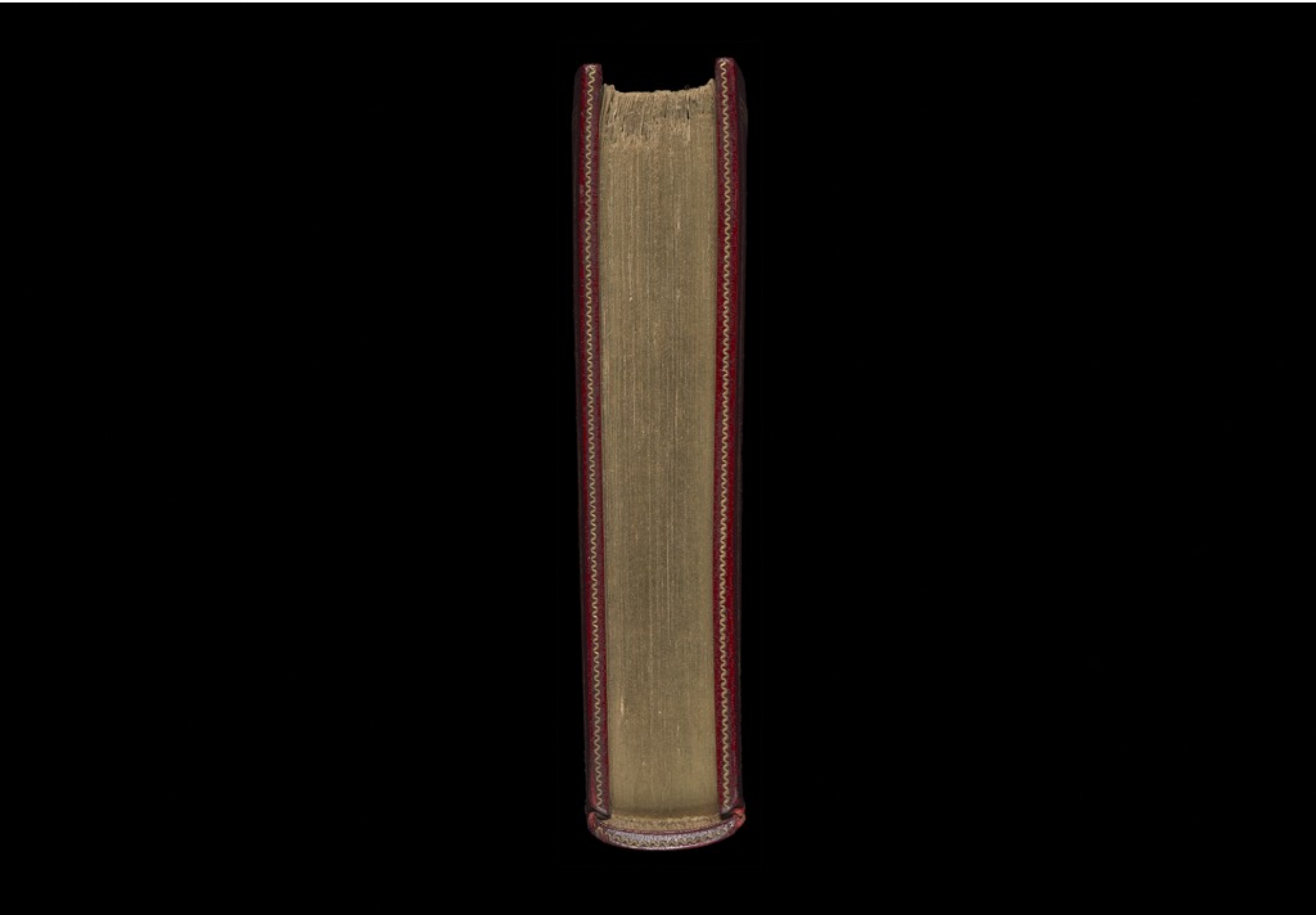
2 années ens. 1787
et 1788

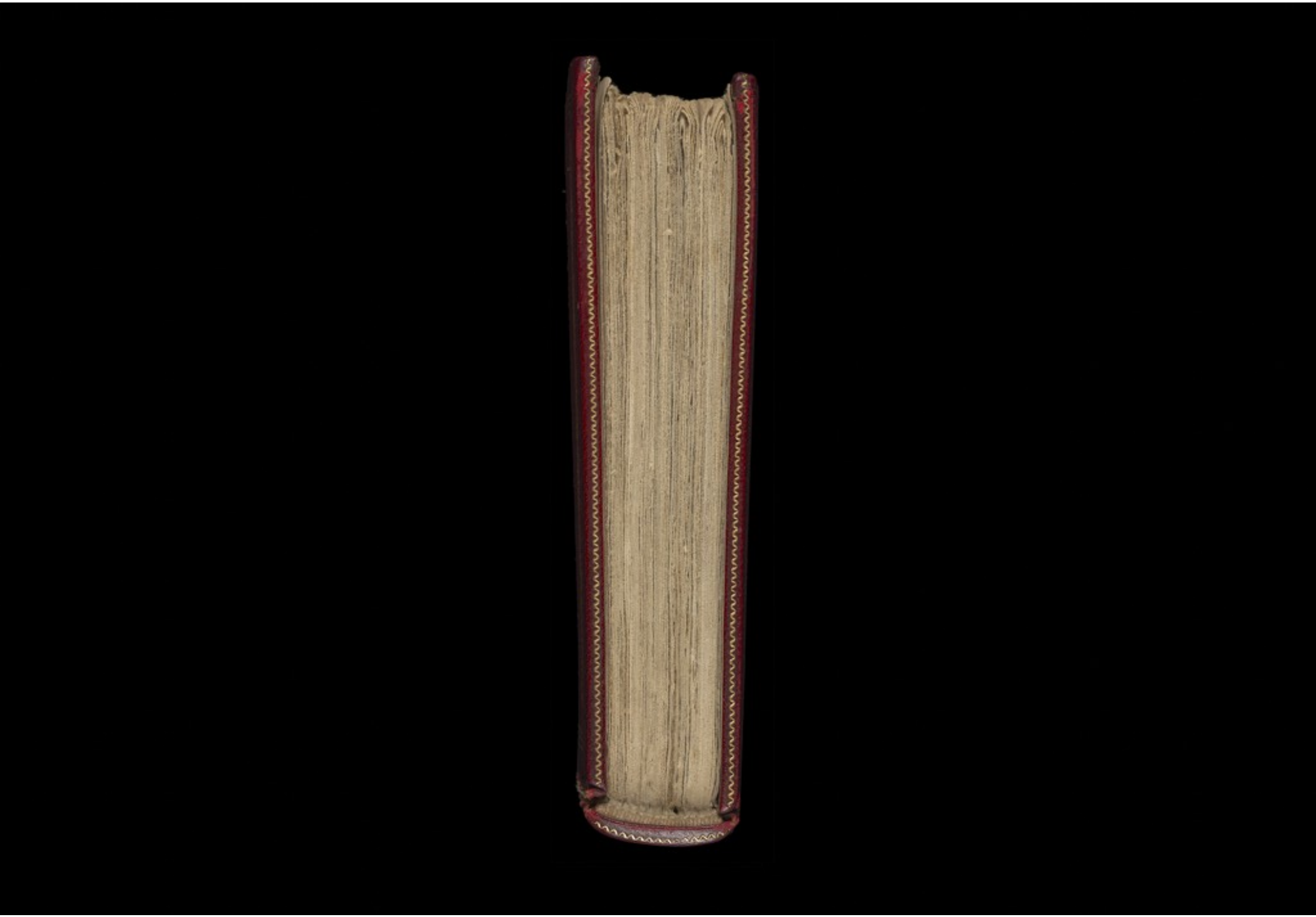
rare v. Say ! Dpt
que à Bibliothèque
Nat. de Bruxelles
a seulement
une année





HARRIS'S
LIST
OF
COVENT-GARDEN
LADIES





0 Cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
0 Inch 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
The Wellcome Library

0 Cm 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 18
0 Inch 1 2 3 4 5 6 7
The Wellcome Library